



F. H. BURNETT

SARA CREWE

EDITED BY

M. SIMRE, MAG. PHIL.



KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU

Est. A-10932
26.

SARA CREWE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

ABRIDGED AND SIMPLIFIED

BY

M. SIMRE

Harvey



KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU

1936

J. Mällo trükk, Tartu.

Saateks.

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M. S.

SARA CREWE;

OR

WHAT HAPPENED AT MISS MINCHIN'S.

CHAPTER I.

In the first place, Miss Minchin lived in London. Her home was a large, dull, tall *one*, in a large, dull square, where all the houses were alike, and all the sparrows were alike, and where all the door-knockers made the same heavy sound. On Miss Minchin's door there was a brass plate. On this plate there was written *in* black letters,

MISS MINCHIN'S SELECT SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES
--

Little Sara Crewe never went in or out of the house without reading that door-plate and reflecting upon it. By the time she was twelve, she had decided that all her trouble arose because, in the first place, she was not "Select," and in the second, she was not a "Young Lady."

When she was eight years old, she had been brought to Miss Minchin as a pupil, and left with her. Her papa had brought her all the way from India. Her mamma had died when she was a baby, and her papa had kept her with him as long as he could. And then, finding the hot climate was making her very delicate, he had brought her to England and left her with Miss Minchin, to be part of the Select Seminary for Young Ladies. Sara remembered hearing him say that he had not a relative in the world whom he *knew of*, and so he was obliged to place her at a boarding-school, and he had heard Miss Minchin's establishment *spoken of* very *highly*.

The same day he took Sara out and bought her a great many beautiful clothes,—clothes so grand and rich that only a very young and inexperienced man would have bought them for a child who *was to be brought up* in a boarding-school. But the fact was that he was very sad at the thought of parting with his little girl, who was all he had left to *remind him of* her beautiful mother, whom he had *dearly* loved. And he wished *her to have* everything the most fortunate little girl could have; and so, when the polite saleswomen in the shops said, "Here is our very latest thing in hats, the feathers are exactly the same as

those we sold to Lady Diana Sinclair yesterday," he immediately bought what was offered to him, and paid whatever was asked. The result was that Sara had most extraordinary clothes. Her dresses were silk and velvet, and she returned in the cab to Miss Minchin's with a doll almost as large as herself, dressed quite as grandly as herself, too.

CHAPTER II.

Then Sara's papa gave Miss Minchin some money and went away, and for several days Sara *would* neither touch the doll, nor her breakfast, nor her dinner, nor her tea, and *would* do nothing but sit in a small corner by the window and cry. She cried so much, indeed, that she made herself ill. She was a queer little child, with old-fashioned ways and strong feelings, and she had loved her papa very, very greatly, and could *not be made to think* that India was not better for her than London and Miss Minchin's Select Seminary. The instant she had entered the house, she had begun to hate Miss Minchin, and to *think little of* Miss Amelia Minchin, who was smooth and stout, and was evidently afraid of her older sister. Miss Minchin was tall, and had large, cold, fishy eyes, and large, cold hands, which seemed fishy, too, because they were damp and *made* chills run down

Sara's back when they touched her, as Miss Minchin pushed her hair off her forehead and said:

"A most beautiful and promising little girl, Captain Crewe. She will be a favourite pupil; quite a favourite pupil, I see."

For the first year she was a favourite pupil. When the Select Seminary went walking, two by two, she was always dressed in her grandest clothes, and led by the hand, at the head of the procession, by Miss Minchin herself. And when the parents of any of the pupils came, she was always dressed and called into the parlour with her doll; and she *used to* hear Miss Minchin say that her father was a wellknown Indian officer, and she would be heiress *to* a great fortune. That her father had inherited a great deal of money, Sara had heard before; and also that some day it would be hers, and that he would not remain long in the army, but would come to live in London. And every time a letter came, she hoped it would say he was coming, and they *were to* live together again.

CHAPTER III.

About the middle of the third year a letter came bringing very different news. Because he was not a business man himself, her papa had given his affairs into the hands of a friend he trusted. The

friend had deceived and robbed him. All the money was gone, no one knew exactly where, and the shock was so great to the poor young officer, that he died, leaving Sara with no one *to take care of* her.

Miss Minchin's cold and fishy eyes had never looked so cold and fishy as they did when Sara went into the parlour, *on being sent for*, a few days after the letter was received.

No one had said anything to the child about mourning, so, in her old-fashioned way, she had decided to find a black dress for herself, and had picked out a black velvet she *had outgrown*, and came into the room in it, looking the queerest little figure in the world, and a sad little figure, too. The dress was too short and too tight, her face was white, her eyes had dark rings around them, and her doll, wrapped in a piece of old black crape, was held under her arm. She was not a pretty child. She was thin, and had short black hair, and very large green-grey eyes with heavy black lashes.

"I am the ugliest child in the school," she had said once, after staring at herself in the glass for some minutes.

This morning, however, in the tight, small black frock, she looked thinner and odder than ever, and her eyes were fixed on Miss Minchin as she slowly advanced into the parlour, holding her doll fast.

CHAPTER IV.

"Put your doll down!" said Miss Minchin.

"No," said the child, "I won't put her down; I want her with me. She is all I have. She has stayed with me all the time since my papa died."

She had never been an obedient child. She had had her own *way* ever since she was born. And Miss Minchin felt now that perhaps it would be as well not to insist on her point. So she looked at her as severely as possible.

"You will have no time for dolls in future," she said; "*you will have to work and make yourself useful.*"

Sara kept the big, odd eyes fixed on her teacher, and said nothing.

"Everything will be very different now," Miss Minchin went on. "I sent for you to talk to you and *make you* understand. Your father is dead, you have no friends, you have no money, you have no home, and no one to take care of you."

The little pale face twitched nervously, but the green-grey eyes did not move from Miss Minchin's, and still Sara said nothing.

"What are you staring at?" said Miss Minchin sharply. "Are you so stupid you don't understand what I mean? I tell you that you are quite alone in

the world, and have *no one to do* anything for you, unless I *choose* to keep you here."

"Now listen to me," she went on, "and remember what I say. If you work hard and prepare to make yourself useful in a few years, I shall let you stay here. You are only a child, but you are a *sharp* child, and you *pick up* things almost *without being taught*. You speak French very well, and in a year or so you can begin to help with the younger pupils. By the time you are fifteen, you ought to be able to *do that much* at least."

"I can speak French better than you now," said Sara; "I always spoke it with my papa in India." Which was not at all polite, but was true, because Miss Minchin could not speak French at all, and, indeed, was not *in the least* a clever person. But she was a business woman, and, had seen that at very little expense to herself she might prepare this clever child to be very useful to her, and save her the necessity of paying large salaries to teachers of languages.

"Don't be rude, or you will be punished," she said. "Remember, that if you don't please me, and I send you away, you have no home but the street. You can go now."

Sara turned away.

"Stay!" commanded Miss Minchin. "Don't you intend to thank me?"

Sara turned towards her. The nervous twitch *was to be seen* again in her face, and she seemed to be trying to control it.

"What for?" she said.

"For my kindness to you," replied Miss Minchin. "For my kindness in giving you a home."

Sara went two or three steps nearer to her.

"You are not kind," she said. "You are not kind." And she turned again, and went out of the room, leaving Miss Minchin staring after her strange, small figure in stony anger.

CHAPTER V.

The child walked up the staircase, holding tightly to her doll. She *meant to go* to her bedroom, but at the door *she was met by* Miss Amelia.

"You *are not to go* in there," she said. "That is not your room now."

"Where is my room?" asked Sara.

"You *are to sleep* in the attic next to the cook."

Sara walked on. She reached the door of the attic room, opened it, and went in, shutting it behind her. She stood against it, and looked about her. The room was slanting-roofed and white-washed; there

was a rusty fireplace, an iron bedstead, some old articles of furniture, and an old red footstool.

Sara went to it and sat down. She was a queer child and quite unlike other children. She seldom cried. She did not cry now. She laid her doll Emily across her knees, and put her face down upon her, and her arms around her, and sat there, her little black head resting on the black crape, not saying one word, not making one sound.

CHAPTER VI.

From that day her life changed entirely. Sometimes she *used to feel* as if it must be another life altogether, the life of some other child. She was given her lessons at *odd times*, and *expected* to learn *without being taught*; she was sent on errands by Miss Minchin, Miss Amelia, and the cook. Nobody took any notice of her except when they ordered her about. She had never been intimate with the other pupils, and soon she became so shabby, that they began to look upon her as a being of another world than their own. The fact was that, as a rule, Miss Minchin's pupils were rather dull young people, accustomed to being rich and comfortable; and Sara, with her cleverness, and her odd habit of fixing her eyes upon them was too much for them.

"She always looks as if she was *finding you out*," said one girl, who was sly and *given to* making mischief.

"I am," said Sara, promptly, when she heard of it. "That's what *I look* at them *for*. I like to know about people. I think them over afterwards."

She never made any mischief herself. She talked very little, did as she was told, and thought a great deal. Nobody knew, and in fact nobody cared, whether she was unhappy or happy, unless, perhaps, it was Emily, who lived in the attic, and slept on the iron bedstead at night. Sara thought Emily understood her feelings, though she was only wax, and had a habit of staring herself. Sara used to talk to her at night.

"You are the only friend I have in the world," she *would say* to her. "Why don't you say something? Why don't you speak? Sometimes I'm sure you could, if you would try. It ought to *make you* try, to know you are the only thing I have. If I were you I should try. Why don't you try?"

CHAPTER VII.

It really was a very strange feeling she had about Emily. She did not like to own to herself that her only friend, her only companion, could feel and hear

nothing. She wanted to believe, or to pretend to believe, that Emily understood and *sympathized with* her; that she heard her, even though she did not speak in answer. There were rat-holes in the garret, and Sara hated rats, and was always glad Emily was with her when she heard their hateful squeak and rush and scratching. She had a strong imagination; there was almost more imagination than there was Sara. She imagined and pretended things until she almost believed them, and she would scarcely have been surprised at any remarkable thing that could have happened. So she insisted to herself that Emily understood all about her troubles, and was really her friend.

"As to answering," she used to say, "I don't answer very often. I never answer when *I can help it*. When people are insulting you, there is nothing so good for them as not to say a word—just to look at them and think. Miss Minchin *turns pale* with rage when I do it, Miss Amelia looks frightened, so do the girls. It's a good thing not to answer your enemies. I scarcely ever do. Perhaps Emily is more like me than I am like myself. Perhaps she would rather not answer her friends even. She keeps it all in her heart."

But though she tried to satisfy herself with these

arguments, Sara did not find it easy. When, after a long, hard day, in which she had been sent here and there, sometimes on long errands, through wind and cold and rain; when she came in wet and hungry, and had been sent out again because nobody *chose* to remember that she was only a child, and that her thin little legs *might* be tired, and her small body *might* be chilled; when she had been given only harsh words; when the cook had been vulgar and rude; when Miss Minchin had been in her worst moods, and when she had seen the girls *sneering at* her among themselves and *making fun of* her poor, out-grown clothes,—then Sara did not find Emily quite all that her sore, proud, desolate little heart needed as the doll sat in her old chair and stared.

CHAPTER VIII.

One of these nights, when she came up to the garret cold, hungry, tired, Emily's stare seemed so vacant, that Sara lost all control over herself.

"I shall die presently!" she said at first.

Emily stared.

"I can't bear this!" said the poor child, trembling. "I know I shall die. *I'm cold, I'm wet, I'm starving to death.* I've walked a thousand miles to-day, and they have done nothing but scold me from morning

until night. And because I could not find that last thing they *sent me for*, they would not give me any supper. Some men laughed at me because my old shoes *made me slip* down in the mud. I'm covered with mud now. And they laughed! Do you hear?"

She looked at the staring glass eyes, and suddenly a sort of heartbroken rage seized her. She lifted her little savage hand and knocked Emily off the chair, *bursting into* a passion of sobbing.

"You are nothing but a doll!" she cried. "Nothing but a doll—doll—doll! You care for nothing. You are stuffed with sawdust. You never had a heart. Nothing could ever *make you* feel. You are a doll!" Emily lay upon the floor, with her legs doubled up over her head, and a new flat place on the end of her nose.

Sara hid her face on her arms and sobbed. Some rats in the wall began to fight and bite each other, and squeak and scramble. Sara was not in the habit of crying. After awhile she stopped, and when she stopped she looked at Emily, who seemed to be looking at her around the side of one ankle, and actually with a kind of glassy-eyed sympathy. Sara bent and picked her up. Remorse overtook her.

"You *can't help being* a doll," she said, with a

sigh, "any more than those girls downstairs *can help* not having any sense. We are not alike. Perhaps you do your sawdust best."

CHAPTER IX.

None of Miss Minchin's young ladies were very remarkable for being brilliant; they were select, but some of them were very dull. Sara, who had a hungry craving for everything readable, was often severe upon them in her small mind. They had books they never read; she had no books at all. If *she had* always *had* something to read, *she would not have been* so lonely. She liked history and poetry; *she would* read anything. There was a sentimental housemaid in the establishment who bought the weekly penny papers, and *subscribed to* a library, from which she got greasy volumes containing stories of marquises and dukes who *fell in love* with orange-girls, and gipsies, and servant-maids, and made them their proud brides; and Sara often did parts of this maid's work, so that she might earn the privilege of reading these romantic histories. There was also a fat, dull pupil, whose name was Ermengarde St. John. Ermengarde had an intellectual father who constantly sent her interesting books, which were a continual source of grief to her. Sara had once

actually found her crying over a big package of them.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked her.

And it is just possible she *would not have spoken* to her, if she *had not seen* the books. The sight of books always gave Sara a hungry feeling, and *she could not help* drawing near to them if only to read their titles.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked.

"My papa has sent me some more books," answered Ermengarde sadly, "and *he expects me* to read them."

"Don't you like reading?" said Sara.

"I hate it!" replied Miss Ermengarde St. John. "And he will ask me questions when he sees me; he will want to know how much I remember; how would you like *to have* to read all those?"

"I'd like it better than anything else in the world," said Sara.

Ermengarde wiped her eyes to look at such a prodigy.

"Oh, gracious!" she exclaimed.

CHAPTER X.

Sara returned the look with interest. A sudden plan formed itself in her sharp mind.

"Look here!" she said. "If you'll lend me those books, I'll read them and tell you everything that's in them afterwards, and I'll tell it to you so that you will remember it. I know I can. The A B C children always remember what I tell them."

"Oh, goodness!" said Ermengarde. "Do you think you could?"

"I know I could," answered Sara. "I like to read, and I always remember. I'll *take care of* the books, too; they will look just as new as they do now, when I give them back to you."

Ermengarde put her handkerchief in her pocket.

"If you'll do that," she said, "and if you'll *make* me remember, I'll give you—I'll give you some money."

"I don't want your money," said Sara, "I want your books—I want them." And her eyes grew big and queer.

"Take them, then," said Ermengarde; "I wish I wanted them, but I am not clever, and my father is, and he thinks I ought to be."

Sara picked up the books and marched off with them. But when she was at the door, she stopped and turned round.

"What *are you going to tell* your father?" she asked.

"Oh," said Ermengarde, "he needn't know; he'll think I've read them."

Sara looked down at the books; her heart really began to beat fast.

"I won't do it," she said rather slowly, "if you are going to tell him lies about it—I don't like lies. Why can't you tell him I read them and then told you about them?"

"But he wants *me to read* them," said Ermen-garde.

"He wants *you to know* what is in them," said Sara; "and if I can tell it to you in an easy way and make you remember, I *should think* he would like that."

"He would like it better if I read them myself," replied Ermengarde.

"He will like it, I *daresay*, if you learn anything in any way," said Sara. "I should, if I were your father."

CHAPTER XI.

After a little more argument, Ermengarde *gave in*. And so she used afterwards always to hand over her books to Sara, and Sara *would carry* them to her garret and devour them; and after she had read each volume, she *would return* it and tell Ermengarde about it in a way of her own. She had a gift for making

things interesting. When Sara sat down by Ermengarde and began to tell some story of travel or history, she made the travellers and historical people seem real; and Ermengarde used to sit and regard her dramatic gesticulations, her thin little flushed cheeks and her shining, odd eyes, with amazement.

"It sounds nicer than it seems in the book," she *would say*. "I never cared about Mary, Queen of Scots, before, and I always hated the French Revolution, but you make it seem like a story."

"It is a story," Sara *would answer*. "They are all stories. Everything is a story—everything in this world. You are a story—I am a story—Miss Minchin is a story. You can make a story out of anything."

"I can't," said Ermengarde.

Sara stared at her a minute reflectively.

"No," she said at last. "I suppose you couldn't. You are a little like Emily."

"Who is Emily?"

Sara recollected herself. She knew she was sometimes rather impolite and she did not want to be impolite to a girl who was not unkind—only stupid.

"Emily is—a person—I know," she replied.

"Do you like her?" asked Ermengarde.

"Yes, I do," said Sara.

CHAPTER XII.

Ermengarde examined Sara's queer little face and figure again. She did look odd. She *had on*, that day, a faded blue skirt, and a pair of olivegreen stockings which Miss Minchin had *made her piece out* with black ones, so that they would be long enough to be *kept on*. And yet Ermengarde was beginning slowly to admire her. Such a forlorn, thin, neglected little thing as that, who could read and read and remember and tell you things so that they did not tire you all out! A child who could speak French, and who had learned German, no one knew how! *One could not help* staring at her and feeling interested.

"Do you like me?" said Ermengarde, finally.

Sara hesitated one second, and then she answered:

"I like you because you are not ill-natured—I like you for letting me read your books—I like you because you don't make fun of me for what I can't help. It's not your fault that——"

She *pulled herself up* quickly. She *had been going* to say, "that you are stupid."

"That what?" asked Ermengarde.

"That you can't learn things quickly. If you can't you can't. If I can, why, I can—that's all." She paused a minute, looking at the plump

face before her, and then rather slowly, one of her wise, old-fashioned thoughts came to her.

"Perhaps," she said, "to be able to learn things quickly isn't *everything*. To be kind is worth a good deal to other people. If Miss Minchin knew everything on earth, which she doesn't, and if she was like what she is now, she'd still be a hateful thing, and everybody would hate her. Lots of clever people have done harm and been wicked. Look at Robespierre——"

She stopped again, and examined her companion's face.

"Do you remember about him?" she demanded. "I believe you've forgotten."

"Well, I don't remember all of it," admitted Ermengarde.

"Well," said Sara with courage, "I'll tell it to you over again."

And she told such stories of the French Revolution and *made* such vivid pictures of its horrors, that Miss St. John was afraid to go to bed afterwards, and hid her head under the blankets when she *did* go, and shivered until she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

Yes, it was true, to this imaginative child everything was a story; and *the* more books she read, *the* more imaginative she became. One of her chief entertainments was to sit in her garret, or walk about it, and "suppose" things. On a cold night, when she had not had enough to eat, she would draw the red footstool up before the fireplace, and say,

"Suppose there was a great glowing fire—a glowing fire—with beds of red-hot coal and lots of little dancing, flickering flames. Suppose there was a soft, deep rug, and this was a comfortable chair, all cushions and crimson velvet; and suppose I had a crimson velvet frock *on*, and a deep lace collar, like a child in a picture; and suppose all the rest of the room was furnished in lovely colours, and there were bookshelves full of books, which changed by magic as soon as you had read them; and suppose there was a little table here, with a snow-white cover on it, and little silver dishes, and in one there was hot, hot soup, and in another a roast chicken, and in another some raspberry-jam tarts; and suppose Emily could speak, and we could sit and eat our supper, and then talk and read; and then suppose there was a soft, warm bed in the corner, and when we were

tired we could go to sleep, and sleep as long as we liked."

Sometimes, after she had supposed things like these for half-an-hour, she would feel almost warm, and would creep into bed with Emily, and fall asleep with a smile on her face.

At another time she would "suppose" she was a princess, and then she would go about the house with an expression on her face which was a source of great trouble to Miss Minchin. Sometimes, while she was in the midst of some harsh and cruel speech, Miss Minchin would find the odd, unchildish eyes fixed upon her with something like a proud smile in them. At such times, she did not know that Sara was saying to herself,

"You don't know that you are saying these things to a princess, and that if I *chose*, I could wave my hand and order you to execution. I only spare you because I am a princess, and you are a poor, stupid, old, vulgar thing, and don't know any better."

This used to please and amuse her more than anything else; and queer as it was, she found comfort in it, and it was not a bad thing for her. It really kept her from *being made rude* by the rudeness of those about her.

"A princess must be polite," she said to herself.

And so when the servants, who took their tone from their mistress, were rude and ordered her about, she would hold her head erect, and reply to them sometimes in a way which made them stare at her.

"I am a princess in rags," she would think, "but I am a princess inside. It would be easy to be a princess if I were dressed in cloth-of-gold; it is a great deal more to be one all the time when no one knows it."

CHAPTER XIV.

Once the look in Sara's eyes so enraged Miss Minchin that she flew at Sara and boxed her ears.

Sara wakened from her dream, started a little, and then broke into a laugh.

"What are you laughing at, you rude child!" exclaimed Miss Minchin.

It took Sara a few seconds to remember she was a princess. Her cheeks were red and smarting from the blows she had received.

"I was thinking," she said.

"Beg my pardon immediately," said Miss Minchin.

"I will beg your pardon for laughing, if it was rude," said Sara; "but I won't beg your pardon for thinking."

"What were you thinking?" demanded Miss Minchin. "How dare you think? What were you thinking?"

This occurred in the schoolroom, and all the girls looked up from their books to listen. It always interested them when Miss Minchin flew at Sara, because Sara always said something queer, and never seemed *in the least* frightened. She was not in the least frightened now, though her boxed ears were scarlet, and her eyes were as bright as stars.

"I was thinking," she answered quite politely, "that you did not know what you were doing."

"That I did not know what I was doing?" gasped Miss Minchin.

"Yes," said Sara, "and I was thinking what would happen, if I were a princess and you boxed my ears—what I should do to you. And I was thinking that if I were *one*, you would never dare to do it, whatever I said or did. And I was thinking how surprised and frightened you would be if you suddenly found out——"

She had the imagined picture so clearly before her eyes, that she spoke in a manner which had an effect even on Miss Minchin.

"What?" she exclaimed; "found out what?"

"That I really was a princess," said Sara, "and could do anything—anything I liked."

"Go to your room," cried Miss Minchin breathlessly, "this instant. Leave the schoolroom. *Attend to your lessons, young ladies.*"

Sara made a little bow.

"Excuse me for laughing, if it was impolite," she said, and walked out of the room, leaving Miss Minchin in a rage and the girls whispering over their books.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if she *did turn* out to be something," said one of them. "Suppose she should!"

CHAPTER XV.

That *very* afternoon Sara had an opportunity of proving to herself whether she was really a princess or not. It was a dreadful afternoon. For several days it had rained continuously; there was mud everywhere—sticky London mud—and fog and drizzle. Of course there were several long and tiresome errands to be done,—there always were on days like this,—and Sara was sent out again and again, until her shabby clothes were damp through and her down-trodden shoes were so wet they could not hold any more water. Added to this, she had been deprived

of her dinner, because Miss Minchin wished to punish her. She was very hungry. She was so cold and hungry and tired that her little face had a pinched look, and *now and then* some kind-hearted person passing her in the crowded street glanced at her with sympathy. But she did not know that. She hurried on, trying to comfort herself in that queer way of hers by pretending and "supposing,"—but really this time it was harder than she had ever found it, and once or twice she thought it almost made her more cold and hungry instead of less so. But she tried and tried again. "Suppose I had dry clothes on," she thought. "Suppose I had good shoes and a long thick coat and a whole umbrella. And suppose—suppose, just when I was near a baker's where they sold hot buns, I should find sixpence—which belonged to nobody. Suppose, if I did, I should go into the shop and buy six of the hottest buns and should eat them all without stopping."

CHAPTER XVI.

Some very odd things happen in this world sometimes. It certainly was an odd thing which happened to Sara. She *had to* cross the street just as she was saying this to herself—the mud was dreadful—she almost *had to* wade. In *picking her way* she *had to*

look down at her feet and the mud, and in looking down—just as she reached the pavement—she saw something shining in the gutter. A piece of silver! Not quite a sixpence, but the next thing to it—a fourpenny piece! In one second it was in her cold, little red and blue hand.

“Oh!” she gasped, “it is true!”

And then, if you will believe me, she looked straight before her at the shop directly facing her. And it was a baker’s, and a cheerful, stout, motherly woman, with rosy cheeks, was just putting a tray of delicious hot buns into the window, buns with currants in them.

It almost *made Sara feel faint* for a few seconds—the shock and the sight of the buns, and the delightful odours of warm bread floating up through the baker’s cellar window.

She knew that she need not hesitate to use the little piece of money.

“But I’ll go and ask the baker’s woman if she has lost a piece of money,” she said to herself, rather faintly.

So she crossed the pavement and put her wet foot on the step of the shop; and as she did so she saw something which made her stop.

It was a little figure more forlorn than her own

—a little figure which was not much more than a bundle of rags, from which small, bare, red and muddy feet peeped out—only because the rags with which the wearer was trying to cover them were not long enough. Above the rags appeared a dirty face, with big, hollow, hungry eyes.

Sara knew they were hungry eyes the moment she saw them, and she felt a sudden sympathy.

"This," she said to herself, with a little sigh, "is one of the common people—and she is hungrier than I am."

Sara seized her little fourpenny piece, and hesitated a few seconds. Then she spoke to her.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"Ain't I jist!" she said, in a hoarse voice. "Jist ain't I!"

"Haven't you had any dinner?" said Sara.

"No dinner," more hoarsely still, "nor yet no bre'fast—nor yet no supper—no nothin'."

"Since when?" asked Sara.

"Dun'no'. Never got nothin' to-day—nowhere."

Just to look at her made Sara more hungry and faint. But those queer little thoughts were *at work* in her brain, and she was talking to herself though she was sick *at heart*.

"If I'm a princess," she was saying—"if I'm a

princess——! When they were poor and driven from their thrones—they always shared—with the common people—if they met one poorer and hungrier. They always shared. Buns are a penny each. If it had been sixpence! *I could have eaten six.* It won't be enough for either of us—but it will be better than nothing."

"Wait a minute," she said to the beggar-child.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sara went into the shop. It was warm and smelled delightfully. The woman *was just going* to put more hot buns *in* the window.

"If you please," said Sara, "have you lost fourpence—a silver fourpence?" And she held the forlorn little piece of money out to her.

The woman looked at it and at her—at her little face and once-fine clothes.

"Bless us—no," she answered. "Did you find it?"

"In the gutter," said Sara.

"Keep it, then," said the woman. "*It may have been* there a week, and goodness knows who lost it. *You* could never find out."

"I know that," said Sara, "but I thought I'd ask you."

"Not many would," said the woman, looking

puzzled and interested and good-natured all at once. "Do you want to buy something?" she added, as she saw Sara glance towards the buns.

"Four buns, if you please," said Sara; "those at a penny each."

The woman went to the window and put some in a paper bag. Sara noticed that she put in six.

"I said four, if you please," she explained. "I have only the fourpence."

"I'll throw in two *for make-weight*," said the woman, with her good-natured look. "I *daresay* you can eat them *some time*. Aren't you hungry?"

A mist rose before Sara's eyes.

"Yes," she answered. "I am very hungry, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness, and," she was going to add, "there is a child outside who is *hungrier than* I am." But just at that moment two or three customers came in at once and each one seemed *in a hurry*, so she could only thank the woman again and go out.

The child was still sitting on the corner of the steps. She looked frightful in her wet and dirty rags.

Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns, which had already warmed her cold hands a little.

"See," she said, putting the bun on the ragged

lap, "that is nice and hot. Eat it, and you will not be so hungry."

The child started and stared up at her; then she snatched up the bun and began to stuff it into her mouth with great wolfish bites.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" Sara heard her say hoarsely, in wild delight.

"O h , m y !"

Sara took out *three more* buns and put them down.

"She is hungrier than I am," she said to herself. "She's starving." But her hand trembled when she put down the fourth bun. "I'm not starving," she said—and she put down the fifth.

The little starving London savage was still snatching and devouring when she turned away. She was too hungry to give any thanks, even if she had been taught politeness—which she had not. She was only a poor little wild animal.

"Good-bye," said Sara.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When she reached the other side of the street she looked back. The child had a bun in each hand, and had stopped in the middle of a bite to watch her, and until Sara was out of sight she did not take another bite or even finish the one she had begun.

At that moment the baker-woman glanced out of her shop window.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "If that young 'un hasn't given her buns to a beggar-child. It wasn't because she didn't want them, either—well, well, she looked hungry enough. I'd give something to know *what she did it for.*" She stood behind her window for a few moments and thought carefully. Then her curiosity *got the better of* her. She went to the door and *spoke to* the beggar-child.

"Who gave you those buns?" she asked her.

The child nodded her head towards Sara's vanishing figure.

"What did she say?" inquired the woman.

"Asked me if I was 'ungry," replied the hoarse voice.

"What did you say?"

"Said I was jist!"

"And then she came in and got buns and came out and gave them to you, did she?"

The child nodded.

"How many?"

"Five."

The woman thought it over. "Left just one for herself," she said *in a low voice*. "And she *could have eaten* the whole six—I saw it in her eyes."

She looked after the little, far-away figure, and felt more disturbed in her usually comfortable mind than she had left for *many a* day.

"I wish she hadn't gone so quick," she said. "I'm blest if she shouldn't have had a dozen."

Then she turned to the child.

"Are you hungry yet?" she asked.

"I'm always 'ungry," was the answer.

"Come in here," said the woman, and she held open the shop-door.

The child got up and went in. To be invited into a warm place full of bread seemed an incredible thing. She did not know what was going to happen; she did not care, even.

"Get yourself warm," said the woman, pointing to a fire in a tiny back room. "And, look here,—when you're *hard up* for a bit of bread, you can come here and ask for it. I'm blest if I won't give it you for that young one's sake."

CHAPTER XIX.

Sara *found* some *comfort* in her remaining bun. It was hot; and it was a great deal better than nothing. She broke off small pieces and ate them slowly to make it last longer.

"Suppose it was a magic bun," she said, "and a

bite was as a whole dinner. I should be overeating myself if I went on like this."

It was dark when she reached the square in which Miss Minchin's Select Seminary was situated; the lamps were lighted, and in most of windows gleams of light *were to be seen*. It always interested Sara to *catch glimpses* of the rooms before the shutters were closed. She liked to imagine things about the people who sat before the fires in the houses, or who bent over books at the tables. There was, for instance, the Large Family opposite. She called these people the Large Family—not because they were large, for indeed most of them were little, but because there were so many of them. There were eight children in the Large Family, and a stout, rosy mother, and a stout, rosy father, and a stout, rosy grandmamma, and any number of servants. Sara was quite attached *to* them and had given them all names out of books. She called them the Montmorencys, when she did not call them the Large Family.

Next door to the Large Family lived the Maiden Lady, who had a companion, and two parrots, and a King Charles spaniel; but Sara was not so very fond of her, because she did nothing in particular but *talk to* the parrots and drive out with the spaniel. The most interesting person of all lived next door to Mrs.

Minchin herself. Sara called him the Indian Gentleman. He was an elderly gentleman who was said *to have lived* in the East Indies, and to be immensely rich and *to have something the matter with* his liver,—in fact, it had been rumoured that he had no liver at all, and was much troubled by the fact. At *any-rate*, he was very yellow and he did not look happy; and when he went out in his carriage, he was almost always wrapped up in shawls and overcoats, as if *he were* cold. He had a native servant who looked even colder than himself, and he had a monkey who looked colder than the native servant. Sara had seen the monkey sitting on a table, *in the sun*, in the parlour window, and he always wore such a mournful expression that she *sympathized with* him deeply.

“I daresay,” she used sometimes to remark to herself,” he is thinking all the time of cocoa-nut-trees and of swinging by his tail under a tropical sun. He might have had a family *dependent on* him, too, poor thing!”

The native servant, whom she called the Lascar, looked mournful too, but he was evidently very faithful to his master.

“Perhaps he saved his master’s life,” she thought. “They look as if they might have had all sorts of adventures. I wish I could speak to the Lascar. I remember a little Hindustani.”

CHAPTER XX.

And one day Sara actually *did* speak to the Lascar, and his start at the sound of his own language expressed a great deal of surprise and delight. He was waiting *for his master to come* out to the carriage, and Sara, who was going on an errand as usual, stopped and spoke a few words. She had a special gift for languages and had remembered enough Hindustani to *make herself understood* by him. When his master came out, the Lascar spoke to him quickly, and the Indian Gentleman turned and looked at her curiously, and afterwards the Lascar always greeted her. And occasionally they exchanged a few words. She *learned* that it was true that the Sahib was very rich—that he was ill—and also that he had no wife nor children, and that England did not *agree with* the monkey.

“He must be *as lonely as I am*,” thought Sara. “Being rich does not seem to make him happy.”

That evening, as she passed the windows, the Lascar was closing the shutters, and she caught a glimpse of the room inside. There was a bright fire, and the Indian Gentleman was sitting before it in a luxurious chair. The room was richly furnished and looked delightfully comfortable, but the Indian

Gentleman sat with his head resting on his hand and looked *as* lonely and unhappy *as* ever.

"Poor man!" said Sara, "I wonder what you are 'supposing'?"

When she went into the house she met Miss Minchin in the hall.

"Where have you wasted your time?" said Miss Minchin. "You have been out for hours!"

"It was so wet and muddy," Sara answered. "It was hard to walk, because my shoes were so bad and slipped about so."

"*Make* no excuses," said Miss Minchin, "and tell no falsehoods."

Sara went downstairs to the kitchen.

Why didn't you stay all night?" said the cook.

"Here are the things," said Sara, and laid her purchases on the table.

The cook looked over them, grumbling. She was in a very bad temper indeed.

"*May I have* something to eat?" Sara asked, rather faintly.

"Tea's over and *done with*," was the answer. "Did you expect me to keep it hot for you?"

Sara was silent a second.

"I had no dinner," she said, and her voice was

quite low. She made it low, because she was afraid it would tremble.

"There's some bread in the pantry," said the cook. "That's all you'll get at this time of day."

Sara went and found the bread. It was old, and hard, and dry. The cook was in *too bad a humour* to give her anything to eat *with it*. She had just been scolded by Miss Minchin, and it was always safe and easy to vent her own anger on Sara.

Really it was hard for the child to climb the three long flights of stairs leading to her garret. She often found them long and steep when she was tired, but to-night it seemed as if she would never reach the top. Several times a lump rose in her throat, and she was obliged to stop to rest.

"I can't pretend anything more to-night," she said to herself. "I'm sure I can't. I'll eat my bread and drink some water and then go to sleep, and perhaps a dream will come and pretend for me. I wonder what dreams are!"

Yes, when she reached the top there were tears in her eyes, and she did not feel like a princess—only like a tired, hungry, lonely, lonely child.

"If my papa had lived," she said, "they would not have treated me like this. If my papa had lived, he would have taken care of me."

Then she turned the handle and opened the garretdoor.

CHAPTER XXI.

Can you imagine it—can you believe it? I find it hard to believe it myself. And Sara found it impossible; for the first few moments she thought something strange had happened *to* her eyes—to her mind—that the dream had come before she had had time to fall asleep.

“Oh!” she exclaimed breathlessly. “Oh, it isn’t true! I know, I know it isn’t true!” And she slipped into the room and closed the door and locked it, and stood with her back against it, staring straight before her.

Do you wonder? In the grate, which had been empty, and rusty, and cold when she left it, but which now was blackened and polished up, there was a glowing, blazing fire, and a little brass kettle was boiling; spread upon the floor was a warm, thick rug; before the fire was a folding-chair with cushions on it; by the chair was a small folding-table, unfolded, covered with a white cloth, and upon it were spread small covered dishes, a cup and saucer, and a teapot; on the bed were new, warm coverings, a curious silk frock, and some books. The little, cold, miserable

room seemed changed into Fairyland. It was warm and glowing.

"It is bewitched!" said Sara. "Or *I* am bewitched. I only think I see it all; but if I can only keep on thinking it, I don't care—I don't care, if I can only keep it up!"

She was afraid to move, for fear it *would* melt away. She stood with her back against the door and looked and looked. But soon she began to feel warm, and then she moved forward.

"A fire that I only thought I saw surely wouldn't feel warm," she said. "It feels real—real."

She went to it and knelt before it. She touched the chair, the table; she lifted the cover of one of the dishes. There was something hot in it. The teapot had tea in it, ready for the boiling water from the little kettle; one plate had toast on it, another, muffins.

"It is real," said Sara. "The fire is real enough to warm me. I can sit *in* the chair; the things are real enough to eat."

It was like a fairy-story come true—it was heavenly. She went to the bed and touched the blankets and the wrap. They were real too. She opened one book, and on the title-page was written *in* a strange hand, "The little girl in the attic."

Suddenly—was it a strange thing for her to do?—Sara put her face down on the queer foreign-looking frock and burst into tears.

"I don't know who it is," she said, "but somebody cares about me a little—somebody is my friend."

Somehow that thought warmed her more than the fire. She had never had a friend since those happy, luxurious days when she had had everything; and those days had seemed such a long way off—so far away *as to be* only like dreams—during these long years at Miss Minchin's.

She really cried more at this strange thought of having a friend—even though an unknown one—than she had cried over many of her worst troubles.

But these tears seemed different from the others, for when she had wiped them away they did not seem to leave her eyes and her heart hot and smarting.

And then imagine, if you can, what the rest of the evening *was like*.

After she *was* quite warm and had eaten her supper and enjoyed herself for an hour or so, it had almost ceased to be surprising to her that such magical surroundings should be hers. *As to* finding out who had done all this, she knew that it was out of the question. She did not know a human soul who *could have done it*.

"There is nobody," she said to herself, "nobody." She discussed the matter with Emily, it is true, but more because it was delightful to talk about it than with a *view to* making any discoveries.

"But we have a friend, Emily," she said; "we have a friend."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sara could not imagine who her mysterious benefactor was. If she tried to make in her mind a picture of him or her, it ended by being something glittering and strange—not at all like a real person. And when she fell asleep, beneath the soft white blanket, she dreamed all night of him and talked to him in Hindustani.

Upon one thing she was determined. She would not speak to anyone of her good fortune—it should be her own secret; in fact, she was rather inclined to think that if Miss Minchin knew, she would take her treasures from her or in some way spoil her pleasure. So when she went down the next morning she shut her door very tight, and *did her best* to look as if nothing unusual had occurred. And yet this was rather hard, because she *could not* help remembering, every *now and then*, with a sort of start, and her

heart would beat quickly every time she repeated to herself, "I have a friend!"

It was a friend who evidently meant to continue to be kind, for when she went to her garret the next night—and she opened the door, it *must* be confessed, with rather an excited feeling—she found that the same hands had been again at work and had done even more than before. The fire and the supper were again there, and beside them a number of other things which so changed the look of the garret that Sara quite lost her breath. A piece of bright, strange, heavy cloth covered the mantel, and on it some ornaments had been placed. All the bare, ugly things had been concealed and made to look quite pretty. Some brilliant fans were pinned up, and there were several large cushions. A long old wooden box was covered with a rug, and some cushions lay on it, so that it *wore quite the air of a sofa*.

Sara simply sat down, and looked, and looked again.

"It is exactly like something fairy come true," she said, "there isn't the least difference. I feel as if I *might* wish for anything—diamonds and bags of gold—and they would appear! That couldn't be any stranger than this. Is this my garret? Am I the same cold, ragged, damp Sara? And to think how I

used to pretend, and pretend, and wish there were fairies! The one thing I always wanted was to see a fairy-story come true. I am living in a fairy-story. I feel as if I *might* be a fairy myself, and be able to *turn things into* anything else!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was like a fairy-story, and what was best of all, it continued. Almost every day something new was done *to the garret*. Some new comfort or ornament appeared in it when Sara opened her door at night, until actually, *in a short time*, it was a bright little room, full of all sorts of odd and luxurious things. And the magician had taken care that the child should not be hungry, and that she should have as many books as she could read. When she left the room in the morning the remains of her supper were on the table, and when she returned in the evening, the magician had removed them, and left another nice little meal. Downstairs Miss Minchin was as rude as ever, Miss Amelia was as cross, and the servants were as vulgar. Sara was sent on errands and scolded, but somehow it seemed as *if she could* bear it all. The comfort she enjoyed and could always *look forward to* was making her stronger. If she came home from her errands wet and tired, she

knew *she would* soon *be* warm, after she had climbed the stairs. In a few weeks she began to look less thin. A little colour came into her cheeks, and her eyes did not seem much too big for her face.

It was just when this was beginning to be so apparent that Miss Minchin sometimes stared at her questioningly, that another wonderful thing happened. A man came to the door and left several parcels. All were addressed (*in large letters*) to "The little girl in the attic." Sara herself was sent to open the door and she took them in. She laid the two largest parcels down on the hall table, and was looking at the address, when Miss Minchin came down the stairs.

"Take the things upstairs to the young lady to whom they belong," she said. "Don't stand there staring at them."

"They belong to me," answered Sara, quietly.

"To you!" exclaimed Miss Minchin. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know *where* they come *from*," said Sara, "but they're addressed to me."

Miss Minchin came to her side and looked at them with an excited expression.

"What is in them?" she demanded.

"I don't know," said Sara.

"Open them!" she demanded, still more excitedly.

Sara did as she was told. They contained pretty and comfortable clothing,—clothing of different kinds; shoes and stockings and gloves, a warm coat, and even an umbrella. On the pocket of the coat was pinned a paper on which was written, "*To be worn every day—will be replaced by others when necessary.*"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Miss Minchin was quite excited. Could it be that she had made a mistake after all, and that the child so neglected and so unkindly treated by her had some powerful friend in the background? It would not be very pleasant if there should be such a friend, and he or she should *learn* all the truth about the thin, shabby clothes, the scant food, the hard work. She felt very queer indeed and uncertain, and she gave a side-glance at Sara.

"Well," she said, in a voice such as she had never used since the day the child lost her father—"well, someone is very kind to you. As you have the things and *are to have* new ones when they are worn out, you may as well go and *put them on* and look respectable; and after you are dressed, you may come downstairs and learn your lessons in the schoolroom."

So it happened that, about half an hour after-

wards, Sara struck the entire schoolroom of pupils dumb with amazement, by making her appearance in a costume such as she had never worn since the change of fortune. She scarcely seemed to be the same Sara. She was neatly *dressed in* a pretty frock of warm browns and reds, and even her stockings and slippers were nice and dainty.

"Perhaps someone has left her a fortune," one of the girls whispered. "I always thought something would happen to her. She is so queer."

That night, when Sara went to her room, she *carried out* a plan she had been thinking out for some time. She wrote a note to her unknown friend. It *ran* as follows:

"I hope you will not think it is not polite that I should write this note to you when you wish to keep yourself a secret, but I do not mean to be impolite, or to try to find out at all, only I want to thank you for *being* so kind to me—so beautiful kind, and making everything like a fairy-story. I am so grateful to you, and I am so happy! I used to be so lonely and cold and hungry, and now, oh, just think what you have done for me! Please let me say just these words. It seems as if I ought to say them. Thank-you—thank-you—thank-you!

THE LITTLE
GIRL IN THE ATTIC."

The next morning she left this on the little table, and it was taken away with the other things; so she felt sure the magician had received it, and she was happier for the thought.

CHAPTER XXV.

A few nights later a very odd thing happened. She found something in the room which she certainly *would never have expected*. When she came in as usual, she saw something small and dark *in her chair*, —an odd, tiny figure, which turned toward her a little strange-looking face.

"Why, it's the monkey!" she cried. "It is the Indian gentleman's monkey! *Where* can he have come *from*?"

It was the monkey, and very soon Sara found out how he happened to be in her room. The skylight was open, and it was easy to guess that he had crept out of his master's garret window, which was only a few feet away, and perfectly easy to get in and out of. He had probably climbed to the garret and, getting out upon the roof, and being attracted by the light in Sara's attic, had crept in, and there he was; and when Sara went to him, he actually put out his queer little hands, caught her dress, and jumped into her arms.

"Oh, you queer, poor, ugly, foreign little thing!" said Sara, touching him tenderly. "I can't help liking you. You look like a sort of baby, but I am so glad you are not, because your mother could not be *proud* of you. But I do like you; you have such a forlorn

little look *in* your face. Perhaps you are sorry you are so ugly, and it's always *on your mind*. I wonder if you have a mind?"

The monkey sat and looked at her while she talked, and seemed much interested *in* her remarks, if one could judge by his eyes and his forehead, and the way he moved his head up and down, and held it sideways and scratched it with his little hand. He examined Sara quite seriously, and anxiously, too. He *felt* the stuff of her dress, touched her hands, climbed up and examined her ears, and then sat on her shoulder holding a lock of her hair, looking mournful but not at all excited. Upon the whole he seemed pleased with Sara.

"But I must take you back," she said to him, "though I'm sorry *to have* to do it. Oh, the company you would be to a person!"

She lifted him from her shoulder, set him on her knee, and gave him a bit of cake.

"But you must go home," said Sara at last; and she took him in her arms to carry him downstairs. Evidently he did not want to leave the room, for as they reached the door he clung to her neck and gave a little scream of anger.

"You mustn't be an ungrateful monkey," said Sara. "You ought to be fondest of your own family. I am sure the Lascar is good to you."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Nobody saw her on her way out, and very soon she was standing on the Indian Gentleman's front steps, and the Lascar had opened the door for her.

"I found your monkey in my room," she said in Hindustani. "I think he got in through the window."

The man began quickly to thank her; but, just as he was in the midst of it, a fretful, hollow voice was heard through the open door of the nearest room. The instant he heard it the Lascar disappeared, and left Sara still holding the monkey.

It was not many moments, however, before he came back bringing a message. His master had told him to bring Miss into the library. The Sahib was very ill, but he wished to see Missy.

Sara thought this odd, but she followed the Lascar.

When she entered the room the Indian Gentleman was lying on an easy-chair, propped up with pillows. He looked frightfully ill. His yellow face was thin, and his eyes were hollow. He gave Sara a rather curious look—it was as if she wakened in him some anxious interest.

"You live next door?" he said.

"Yes," answered Sara. "I live at Miss Minchin's."

"She keeps a boarding-school?"

"Yes," said Sara.

"And you are one of her pupil!

Sara hesitated a moment.

"I don't know exactly what I am," she replied.

"Why not?" asked the Indian Gentleman.

The monkey gave a tiny squeak, and Sara stroked him.

"At first," she said, "I was a pupil and a parlour-boarder; but now——"

"What do you mean by 'at first'?" asked the Indian Gentleman.

"When I was first taken there by my papa."

"Well, what has happened since then?" said the invalid, staring at her.

"My papa died," said Sara. "He lost all his money, and there was none left for me—and there was no one to take care of me or pay Miss Minchin, so——"

"So you were sent up into the garret, and neglected, and *made into* a half-starved little slave!" put in the Indian Gentleman. "That's *about* it, isn't it?"

The colour deepened on Sara's cheeks.

"There was no one to take care of me, and no money," she said. "I belong to nobody."

"What did your father mean by losing his money?" said the gentleman, fretfully.

The red in Sara's cheeks *grew* deeper, and she fixed her odd eyes on the yellow face.

"He did not lose it himself," she said. "He had a friend he was fond of, and it was his friend who took his money. I don't know how. I don't understand. He trusted his friend too much."

She saw the invalid start—the strangest start—as if he had been suddenly frightened. Then he spoke nervously and excitedly:

"That's an old story," he said. "It happens every day; but sometimes those who are blamed—those who do wrong—don't intend it, and are not so bad. It may happen through a mistake; they may not be so bad."

"No," said Sara, "but the suffering is just as bad for the others. It killed my papa."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Indian Gentleman pushed aside some of the wraps that covered him.

"Come a little nearer, and let me look at you," he said.

His voice sounded very strange; it had a more nervous and excited tone than before. Sara had an

odd fancy that he was half afraid to look at her. She came, and stood nearer, the monkey clinging to her and watching his master anxiously over his shoulder.

The Indian Gentleman's hollow, restless eyes fixed themselves on her.

"Yes," he said at last. "Yes; I can *see it*. Tell me your father's name."

"His name was Ralph Crewe," said Sara. "Captain Crewe. Perhaps,"—a sudden thought flashing upon her,—"*perhaps you may have heard of him? He died in India.*"

The Indian Gentleman sank back upon his pillows. He looked very weak, and seemed *out of breath*.

"Yes," he said, "I knew him. I was his friend. I meant no harm. If he had only lived he would have known. It turned out well after all. He was a fine young fellow. I was fond of him. I will make it right. Call—call the man."

Sara thought he was going to die. But there was no need to call the Lascar. He must have been waiting at the door. He was in the room and by his master's side in an instant. He seemed to know what to do. He lifted the drooping head and gave the invalid something in a small glass. The Indian Gentleman lay panting for a few minutes, and then

he spoke in an exhausted but eager voice, addressing the Lascar in Hindustani:

"Go for Carmichael," he said. "Tell him to come here at once. Tell him I have found the child!"

When Mr. Carmichael arrived (which occurred in a very few minutes, for it *turned out* that he was no other than the father of the Large Family across the street), Sara went home, and was allowed to take the monkey with her. She certainly did not sleep very much that night, though the monkey behaved beautifully, and did not disturb her in the least. It was not the monkey that kept her awake—it was her thoughts, and her wonders *as to* what the Indian Gentleman had meant when he said, "Tell him I have found the child." "What child?" Sara *kept asking* herself. Do I belong to somebody? Is he one of my relations? Is something going to happen?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

But she found out the *very* next day, in the morning; and it seemed that she had been living in a story even more than she had imagined. First Mr. Carmichael came and had an interview with Miss Minchin. And it appeared that Mr. Carmichael, besides being father of the Large Family, was a lawyer, and had *charge of* the affairs of Mr. Carrisford,—which

was the real name of the Indian Gentleman,—and, as Mr. Carrisford's lawyer, Mr. Carmichael had come to explain something curious to Miss Minchin regarding Sara.

And then Sara *learned* that a great change had come in her fortunes; for all the lost fortune had come back to her, and a great deal had even been added to it. It was Mr. Carrisford who had been her father's friend, and who had made the investments which had caused him the apparent loss of his money; but it had so happened that after poor young Captain Crewe's death, one of the investments which had seemed at the time the very worst, had taken a sudden turn, and *proved to be* such a success that it had been a mine of wealth, and had more than doubled the Captain's lost fortune, as well as making a fortune for Mr. Carrisford himself. But Mr. Carrisford had been very unhappy. He had truly loved his poor, handsome, generous young friend, and the knowledge that he had caused his death had *weighed upon* him always, and broken both his health and spirit. The worst of it had been that, when first he thought himself and Captain Crewe ruined, he had lost courage and gone away because he was not brave enough to face the consequences of what he had done, and so he had not even known where the

young soldier's little girl had been placed. When he wanted to find her, he could discover no trace of her; and the certainty that she was poor and friendless somewhere had made him more miserable than ever. When he had taken the house next to Miss Minchin's, he had been so ill and wretched that he had for the time *given up* the search. And then one day the Lascar had told him about Sara's speaking Hindustani, and gradually he had begun *to take a sort of interest in* the forlorn child. The Lascar had found out something of Sara's unhappy little life, and about the garret. One evening he had actually crept out of his own garret window and looked into hers, which was a very easy matter, because, as I have said, it was only a few feet away—and he had told his master what he had seen, and the Indian Gentleman had told him to take into the wretched little room such comforts as he could carry from the one window to the other. And the Lascar, who had *developed an interest in* and an odd fondness for the child who had spoken to him in his own tongue, had been pleased with the work. He had watched Sara's movements until he knew exactly when she was absent from her room and when she returned to it, and so he had been able to calculate the best time for his work. Generally he had made them in the dusk of

the evening, but once or twice when he had seen her go out on errands, he *had dared to go* over in the daytime, being quite sure that the garret was never entered by anyone but herself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"And now, my dear," said good Mrs. Carmichael, patting Sara's hand, "all your troubles are over, I am sure, and you *are to* come home with me and *be* taken care of as if you were one of my own little girls; and we are so pleased to think of having you with us until everything is settled, and Mr. Carrisford is better. The excitement of last night has made him very weak, but we really think he will get well, now that such a load is taken from his mind. And when he is stronger, I am sure he will be as kind to you as your own papa would have been. He has a very good heart, and he is fond of children—and he has no family at all. But we must make you happy and rosy, and you must learn to play and run about, as my little girls do——"

"As your little girls do?" said Sara. "I wonder if I could. I used to watch them and wonder what it *was like*. Shall I feel as if I belonged to somebody?"

"Ah, my love, yes!—yes!" said Mrs. Carmichael; "dear me, yes!" And her motherly blue eyes *grew*

quite moist, and she suddenly took Sara in her arms and kissed her. That *very* night, before she went to sleep, Sara had made the acquaintance of the entire Large Family, and such excitement as she and the monkey had caused in that joyous circle could hardly be described. All the elder ones *knew* something of her wonderful story. She *had been* born in India; she had been poor and lonely and unhappy, and had lived in a garret and been treated unkindly; and now she *was to be* rich and happy, and to be taken care of. They were so sorry for her, and so delighted and curious about her, all at once.

And even when she went to bed, in the bright, pretty room not far from Mrs. Carmichael's own, and Mrs. Carmichael came and kissed her and patted her, she was not sure that she would not wake up in the garret in the morning.

"And oh, Charles, dear," Mrs. Carmichael said to her husband, when she went downstairs to him, "we must get that lonely look out of her eyes! It isn't a child's look at all. I couldn't bear to see it in one of my own children. What the poor little love must have had to bear, in that dreadful woman's house! But, surely, she will forget it *in time*."

But though the lonely look passed away from Sara's face, she never quite forgot the garret at Miss

Minchin's, and, indeed, she always liked to remember the wonderful night when the tired Princess crept upstairs, cold and wet, and opening the door found fairy-land waiting for her.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. Carrisford did not die, but recovered, and Sara went to live *with him*; and no real princess could have been better *taken care of* than she was.

They became great friends, and they used to spend hours reading and talking together; and in a very short time there was no pleasanter sight to the Indian Gentleman than Sara sitting in her big chair on the opposite side of the hearth, with a book on her knee and her soft, dark hair tumbling over her warm cheeks. She had a pretty habit of looking up at him suddenly, with a bright smile, and then he *would often* say to her:

"Are you happy, Sara?"

And then *she would* answer:

"I feel like a real princess, Uncle Tom."

He had told her to call him Uncle Tom.

"There doesn't seem to be anything left to 'suppose,' " she added.

There was a little joke between them that he was a magician, and so could do anything he liked; and

it was one of his pleasures to invent plans to surprise her with enjoyments she had not *thought of*. Scarcely a day passed in which he did not do something new for her. Sometimes she found new flowers in her room; sometimes a new book on her pillow;—once as they sat together in the evening they heard the scratch of a heavy paw on the door of the room, and when Sara went to find out what it was, there stood a great dog—a splendid Russian hound with a grand silver and gold collar. Stooping to read the inscription upon the collar, Sara was delighted to read the words: “I am Boris; I serve the Princess Sara.”

It was rather a painful experience for Miss Minchin, to watch her ex-pupil's fortunes, as she had the daily opportunity to do, and to feel that she had made a serious mistake, from a business point of view. She had even tried to make it good by suggesting that Sara's education *should be* continued under her care, and had gone to the length of making an appeal to the child herself.

“I have always been very fond of you,” she said.

Then Sara fixed her eyes upon her and gave her one of her odd looks.

“Have you?” she answered.

“Yes,” said Miss Minchin. “Amelia and I have always said you were the cleverest child we had *with*

us, and I am sure we could make you happy—as a parlour-boarder.”

Sara thought of the garret and the day her ears were boxed, and of that other day, that dreadful day when she had been told that she belonged to nobody, and she kept her eyes fixed on Miss Minchin’s face.

“You know why I *would* not *stay with* you,” she said.

And it seems probable that Miss Minchin did, for after that simple answer she had not the boldness to pursue the subject. She merely sent in a bill for the expense of Sara’s education and support, and she made it quite large enough. And because Mr. Carrisford thought Sara would *wish it paid*, it was paid. When Mr. Carmichael paid it he had a short interview with Miss Minchin in which he expressed his opinion with much clearness; and it is quite certain that Miss Minchin did not enjoy the conversation.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Sara had been about a month with Mr. Carrisford, and had begun to realize that her happiness was not a dream, when one night the Indian Gentleman saw that she sat a long time with her cheek on her hand looking at the fire.

"What are you 'supposing,' Sara?" he asked. Sara looked up with a bright colour on her cheeks.

"I was 'supposing,'" she said; "I was remembering that hungry day, and a child I saw."

"But there were a great many hungry days," said the Indian Gentleman, with a rather sad tone in his voice. "Which hungry day was it?"

"I forgot you didn't know," said Sara; "it was the day I found the things in my garret."

And then she told him the story of the bun-shop, and the fourpence, and the child who was hungrier *than herself*; and somehow as she told it, though she told it very simply indeed, the Indian Gentleman found it necessary to shade his eyes with his hand and look down at the floor.

"And I was 'supposing' a kind of plan," said Sara, when she had finished; "I was thinking I would like to do something."

"What is it?" said her guardian *in a low tone*. "You may do anything you like to do, Princess."

"I was wondering," said Sara, "you know you say I have much money, and I was wondering if I could go and see the bun-woman and tell her that if, when hungry children, particularly on those dreadful days, come and sit on the steps or look in at the window, she would just call them in and give them

something to eat; she might send the bills to me and I would pay them, could I do that?"

"You shall do it to-morrow morning," said the Indian Gentleman.

"Thank-you," said Sara; "you see I know what it is to be hungry, and it is very hard when one can't even pretend it away."

"Yes, yes, my dear," said the Indian Gentleman. "Yes, it must be. Try to forget it. Come and sit on this footstool near my knee, and only remember you are a princess."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The next morning a carriage drew up before the door of the baker's shop, and a gentleman and a little girl got out just as the bun-woman was putting a tray of smoking-hot buns *into* the window. When Sara entered the shop the woman turned and looked at her, and leaving the buns, came and stood behind the counter. For a moment she looked at Sara very *hard* indeed, and then her goodnatured face lighted up.

"I'm that sure I remember you, Miss," she said. "And yet——"

"Yes," said Sara, "once you gave me six buns for fourpence, and——"

"And you gave five of them to a beggar-child,"

said the woman. "I've always remembered it. I couldn't make it out at first. I beg pardon, sir, but there are not many young people that notice a hungry face in that way, an I've thought of it *many a* time. Excuse the liberty, Miss, but you look rosier and better than you did that day."

"I am better, thank-you," said Sara, "and—and I am happier, and I have come to ask you to do something for me."

"Me, Miss!" exclaimed the woman, "why, bless you, yes, Miss! What can I do?"

And then Sara made her little proposal, and the woman *listened to* it with an astonished face.

"Why, bless me," she said, when she had heard it all. "Yes, Miss, it'll be a pleasure to me to do it. I am a working woman, myself, and can't afford to do much *on my own account*, and there are sights of trouble on every side; but if you'll excuse me, I've given many a bit of bread away since that wet afternoon, just thinking of you. An' how wet an' cold you were, an' how you looked, an' yet you gave away your hot buns as if you were a princess."

The Indian Gentleman smiled involuntarily, and Sara smiled a little too. "She looked so hungry," she said. "She was hungrier than I was."

"She was starving," said the woman.

"Have you seen her since then?" asked Sara.
"Do you know where she is?"

"I know," said the woman. "Why, she's in that there back-room now, Miss, an' has been for a month, an' a decent, well-meaning girl she's going to turn out, an' such a help to me in the day shop, an' in the kitchen, as you'd scarce believe, knowing how she's lived."

She stepped to the door of the little back-parlour and spoke; and the next minute a girl came out and followed her behind the counter. And actually it was the beggar-child, clean and neatly clothed, and looking as if she had not been hungry for a long time. She looked shy, but she had a nice face, now that she was no longer a savage; and the wild look had gone from her eyes. And she *knew* Sara in an instant, and stood and looked at her as if she could never look enough.

The two children stood and looked at each other a few moments. In Sara's eyes a new thought was growing.

"I'm glad you have such a good home," she said. "Perhaps Mrs. Brown will let you give the buns and bread to the children, perhaps you would like to do it, because you know what it is to be hungry, too."

"Yes, Miss," said the girl.

And somehow Sara felt as if she understood her, though the girl said nothing more, and only stood still and looked, and looked after her as she went out of the shop and got into the carriage and drove away.

EXERCISES.

CHAPTER I.

1. A. *Questions.* (1.) Where did Miss Minchin live? (2.) Describe her house. (3.) What did Sara reflect upon when she went in or out of the house? (4.) How old was Sara when she was brought to Miss Minchin? (5.) What do you know about Sara's relatives? (6.) What did Sara's papa buy? (7.) What did he wish his daughter to have? (8.) What kind of clothes had Sara?

1. B. *Translate.* (1.) *Esiteks* ma jutustan teile, kus Sara elas. (2.) Ta elas Londonis. (3.) Ma elan Tartus. (4.) Ta maja oli suur, kõrge, hall. (5.) Minu maja on väike, madal, mugav. (6.) Saral ei olnud ühtegi sugulast, keda ta tundis (*kellest* ta *teadis* midagi). (7.) Sara isal ei olnud Londonis ühtegi sõpra, *kellest* ta *teadis* midagi. (8.) Preili Minchini asutisest räägiti väga *kiitvalt*. (9.) Sara *pidi* üles kasvama internaadis. (10.) Sara *meenutas* kapten Crewe'le tema ilusat naist. (11.) Sa *meenutad* mulle minu armsamat sõpra. (12.) Kapten Crewe oli väga armastanud oma naist. (13.) Minu vanemad armastavad mind väga. (14.) Ta tahtis, *et ta tütar omandaks* kõik, mida ta soovis. (15.) Ta tahtis, *et ta tütar oleks* õnnelikem maailmas.

1. C. *Example*: Her papa had brought her to Miss Minchin: She had been brought to Miss Minchin by her papa. (a) Her papa had brought her all the way from India. (b) He had left her in London. (c) The same day he took Sara out. (d) The polite saleswomen offered him many beautiful things. (e) He bought Sara most extraordinary clothes.

1. D. *Write sentences with these words*: in the first place, to know of, to speak of, to remind of, to be brought up, to love dearly.

CHAPTER II.

2. A. *Questions*. (1.) What did Sara do when her father went away? (2.) What could she not be made to think? (3.) Describe Miss Minchin. (4.) What did Sara think of Miss Minchin? (5.) When was Sara a favourite pupil? (6.) What had Sara heard Miss Minchin say about her father and his fortune? (7.) What did Sara hope every time a letter came from her papa?

2. B. *Opposite to*: big, well, modern, weak, rough, small, hot, dry, ugly, misfortune, short, to stand, to go out, to finish, to laugh, to undress, unknown.

2. C. *Example*: Sara istus (sageli) tundide kaupa nurgas: Sara *would sit* for hours in the corner. Translate the following sentences and use *would* to express action done again and again.

(a) Sara tundide kaupa *mängis* oma nukuga. (b) Kui isa lahkus, Sara *nuttis* mitu päeva. (c) Sara (korduvalt) *ei puudutanud* ei hommikueinet ega lõunat. (d) Sara *ei teinud* muud, kui nuttis. (e) Miss Minchin (sageli) *hüüdis* teda võõrastetuppa, kui teiste õpilaste vanemad tulid. (f) Miss Minchin (sageli) *ütles*, et ta isa on rikas.

2. D. *Example*: They could not make her think that India was not better for her than London: She could *not be made to* think that India was not better for her than London. (a) They could not make her love Miss Minchin. (b) They could not make her forget her papa. (c) They could not make me leave my home. (d) They could not make us keep quiet.

CHAPTER III.

3. A. *Questions*. (1.) Why did Sara's papa die? (2.) Was there any one left to take care of Sara? (3.) How did Miss Minchin's eyes look when Sara entered the parlour after her father's death? (4.) What did Sara wear? (5.) Describe Sara's face. (6.) Was Sara a pretty child?

3. B. *Example*: great, greater, the greatest. (1) cold, (2) queer, (3) sad, (4) short, (5) tight, (6) pretty, (7) thin, (8) large, (9) heavy, (10) ugly, (11) small, (12) odd.

3. C. *Example*: I am small, you are 2, he is 3. I am small, you are smaller, he is the smallest.

(a) Sara always looked thin and odd, but this morning she looked 2 and 2 than ever. (b) Sara thought she was an ugly child, and once she said she was 3 child in the school. (c) I have heavy black eye-lashes, but Sara's eye-lashes are 2. (d) Our room is large, it is 2 than yours, but it is not 3 in the school. (e) Sara was not a pretty child, her friend was much 2.

3. D. *Translate.* (1.) Sara isa ei olnud äri-mees. (2.) Ta oli usaldanud oma sõpra. (3.) Sõber oli petnud teda. (4.) Kui isa suri, ei olnud kedagi, kes oleks hoolitsenud Sara eest. (5.) Kes hoolitseb sinu eest? (6.) Minu vanemad hoolitsevad minu eest. (7.) Preili Minchini silmad ei olnud kunagi vaadanud *nii külmalt kui siis*, kui Sara astus võõraste-tuppa pärast isa surma. (8.) Sara ei olnud kunagi välja näinud *nii veider kui siis*, kui ta astus preili Minchini tuppa, rõivastatud vanamoelisse musta kleiti, millest ta oli *välja kasvanud*.

CHAPTER IV.

4. A. *Questions.* (1.) What had Sara in her arms when she entered the parlour? (2.) Had she been an obedient child? (3.) Why had Miss Minchin sent for Sara? (4.) Why did Miss Minchin choose to keep Sara? (5.) Was Sara a dull child? (6.) How could Sara make herself useful in the house? (7.) Did Sara think that Miss Minchin was kind to her?

4. B. *Example:* Sara said: "I want my doll." Sara said that she *wanted* her doll. (a) Sara said:

"My doll is all I *have*." (b) "You *will* have no time for dolls in future," said Miss Minchin; "you *will* have to work." (c) "Everything *will* be very different now," Miss Minchin went on. "Your father *is* dead, you *have* no friends, you *have* no money." (d) "I *can* speak French better than you now," said Sara. (e) "You *are* not kind," said Sara.

4. C. *Substantives to:* to die, obedient, to feel, to work, useful, odd, to teach, different, dead, to care, sharp, stupid, to remember, to prepare, to speak, to begin, polite, true, clever, to punish.

4. D. *Translate.* (1.) Ta oli alati saanud oma tahtmist. (2.) Ei ole hea, kui lapsed saavad alati oma tahtmist. (3.) Ta peab töötama kõvasti. (4.) Ta peab töötama tulevikus. (5.) Ma tahtsin teha sulle arusaadavaks, et... (6.) Mida sa vaatad nii imestusega? (7.) Tal ei olnud kedagi, kes oleks teinud (et teha) midagi tema heaks. (8.) Ta arvas heaks pidada Sarat enese juures. (9.) Sara ei olnud mitte rumal, vaid terane laps. (10.) Ta teadis asju ilma õpetamata. (11.) Sa peaksid olema võimeline tegema vähemalt nii palju. (12.) Preili Minchin ei olnud sugugi tark isik. (13.) Närvlikku tõmmet oli näha tema näol. (14.) Ühtegi sõna ei olnud kuulda.

CHAPTER V.

5. A. *Other words:* (1.) You *must not* go in there. (2.) You *must* sleep in the attic. (3.) You *must* come downstairs. (4.) She *intended* to go to

her bedroom. (5.) She *was met by* Miss Amelia. (6.) She was an *unusual* child. (7.) She sat there not *uttering* one sound.

5. B. In the following sentences put a *preposition* in place of the dash: (a) The child held tightly — her doll. (b) She looked — her. (c) Sara stared — Miss Minchin. (d) "Now listen — me." (e) You pick — things very quickly. (f) Sara came in, on being sent —. (g) There was no one to take care — her. (h) He had not a relative in the world whom he knew —. (i) Miss Minchin's establishment was spoken — very highly.

CHAPTER VI.

6. A. *Questions.* (1.) When did Sara's life change? (2.) Was she still a favourite pupil? (3.) When was she expected to learn her lessons? (4.) What do you know about Sara's relations with the other pupils? (5.) Was she given to making mischief? (6.) What did she look at the other pupils for? (7.) Who was her best friend? (8.) What would she say to Emily?

6. B. *Example:* Her life *changed*: Her life *did not change*. (a) They *ordered* her about. (b) She *became* shabby. (c) Miss Minchin's pupils *were* dull. (d) I *like* to know about people. (e) I *think* them over afterwards. (f) She *made* mischief. (g) Emily *slept* on the iron bedstead. (h) Sara *used to* talk to her at night.

6. C. *Translate.* (1.) Mõnikord Sara tundis, nagu elaks ta kellegi teise lapse elu. (2.) Saralt oodati, et ta õpib oma ülesanded ilma õpetamata. (3.) Talle anti tunde juhuslikult (vabal ajal). (4.) Ta vaatab, nagu paljastaks ta sind. (5.) Tal ei olnud kalduvusi vallatuseks. (6.) Mispärast vaatas ta nendele otsa? (7.) Sara (sageli) ütles oma nukule: „Sa oled mu parim sõber maailmas.“

CHAPTER VII.

7. A. *Example:* Sara wanted to believe that *Emily sympathized with her*. What did Sara want to believe? (a) Sara hated rats. (b) She had a *strong* imagination. (c) She imagined and pretended things *until she almost believed them*. (d) It's a good thing *not to answer your enemies*. (e) She keeps it all *in her heart*. (f) Sometimes she was sent *on long errands*. (g) Then she came home *wet and dirty*.

7. B. *Write sentences containing these words:* to pretend, to sympathize with, imagination, as to, to turn pale, enemy, to choose, to make fun of, to sneer at, sore.

7. C. *Opposite to:* strange, to like, friend, answer, strong, remarkable, often, pale, enemy, easy, hard, wet, to remember, harsh, rude, poor.

7. D. *Example:* She *had been sent* here and there. They *had sent* her here and there. (a) She *had been sent* out again. (b) She *had been given* only harsh words. (c) At the door she was *met* by Miss

Amelia. (d) An old black dress *had been picked* out by her. (e) She *was led* by the hand by Miss Minchin herself. (f) She *was always dressed* and *called* into the parlour. (g) Miss Minchin's establishment *had been spoken of* very highly.

CHAPTER VIII.

8. A. *Put the verb into the past.* (a) Emily's stare *seems* so vacant that Sara *loses* all control over herself. (b) Sara *hides* her face on her arms and *sobs*. (c) Some rats in the wall *begin* to fight and bite each other. (d) Sara *is* not in the habit of crying. (e) After awhile she *stops*. (f) She *bends* and *picks* Emily up. (g) Remorse *overtakes* her.

8. B. *Translate.* (1.) Ta kaotas valitsemise enese üle. (2.) Ta ei võinud seda kannatada. (3.) Mul on külm ja ma olen surmani nälginud. (4.) Sara oli külm ja ta oli märg. (5.) Ta ei leidnud seda asja, mille järele nad ta saatsid. (6.) Vanad kingad panid ta libisema. (7.) Ta sõnad panid mind mõtlema. (8.) Vaene laps puhkes nutma. (9.) Ta sattus nuuksumishoogu. (10.) Ta ei või midagi parata, et ta on nukk. (11.) Need tütarlapsed all ei saa sinna midagi parata, et neil pole küllaldaselt tarkust. (12.) Ma ei võinud parata, et hilinesin.

8. C. *Finish these sentences:* (a) Emily's stare seemed —. (b) Sara lost all control —. (c) I'm starving to —. (d) I could not find that last thing they sent —. (e) Some men laughed

at me because my old shoes made —. (f) Sara burst into —. (g) Nothing could ever make you —. (h) Sara bent and picked —. (i) Remorse —.

CHAPTER IX.

9. A. *Questions.* (1.) Were Miss Minchin's pupils very brilliant? (2.) What had Sara a craving for? (3.) What would she read? (4.) What did a housemaid subscribe to? (5.) What kind of books did she get from the circulating library? (6.) Why did Sara often do part of the housemaid's work? (7.) Describe Ermengarde. (8.) What did Sara ask when she saw Ermengarde crying? (9.) Did Ermen-garde like reading?

9. B. *Translate.* (1.) Ta ei oleks rääkinud temaga, kui ta ei oleks näinud raamatuid. (2.) Kui tal oleks olnud alati midagi lugeda, ta ei oleks olnud nii üksildane. (3.) Mõnikord ma olen kindel, et sa võiksid rääkida, kui sa ainult tahaksid. (4.) Kui mina oleksin sinu asemel (sina), ma prooviksin.

9. C. *Other words:* (a) None of Miss Minchin's young ladies were very remarkable for *having great ability*. (b) Sara had a *longing* for everything readable. (c) What *is wrong* with you? (d) She could not *keep from* drawing near to them. (e) My papa has sent me some more books and he *thinks that I will* read them.

9. D. *Fill the blanks.* (a) Miss Minchin's young ladies were —, but some of them were very

dull. (b) Sara had a hungry craving for —. (c) There was a sentimental housemaid in the —. (d) The housemaid — to a library. (e) The books contained stories of marquises who — with orange-girls and gipsies. (f) My papa has sent me some books and — to read them.

9. E. *Example*: lady — ladies. Romance, history, penny, library, story, duke, marquise, gipsy, servant-maid, eye, prodigy, child, body, day.

CHAPTER X.

10. A. Fill the blanks with the words: *will — would, can — could, ought to, do — does*. (1.) If you — lend me those books, I — read them. (2.) I — tell the contents to you so that you — remember it. (3.) — you think you —? (4.) I know I —. (5.) If you — do that, I — give you some money. (6.) I — not want your money. (7.) I — take care of the books, too; they — look just as new as they — now, when I give them back to you. (8.) My father thinks I — to be clever. (9.) If I — tell the contents to you in an easy way and make you remember, I — think your father — like that. (10.) He — like it better if I read the books myself. (11.) He — like it, I daresay, if you learn anything in any way. I —, if I were your father.

10. B. *Other words*: (a) I'll be very *careful* with the books. (b) Her eyes *became* big and queer.

- (c) Sara *took* up the books and *walked* off with them.
(d) "What *shall* you *tell* your father?" she asked.
(e) "I won't do it, if you *will tell* him lies about it."
(f) But he wants *that I should read* the books. (g) He wants that *you would know* what is in them.

CHAPTER XI.

11. A. *Questions.* (1.) What did Ermengarde do after a little more argument? (2.) What would Sara do with her books? (3.) What gift had Sara? (4.) What would Ermengarde say when she listened to the stories Sara told her? (5.) Had Ermengarde liked history before? (6.) What had she always hated? (7.) Who could make a story out of anything? (8.) Why did Sara not want to be impolite to Ermengarde?

11. B. *Opposite to:* dull, disregard, thick, usual, to love, to ask, nothing, at first, polite, kind, clever, to dislike.

11. C. *Write sentences containing these words:* to give in, to devour, to regard, amazement, the French Revolution, reflectively, to recollect oneself, impolite, stupid.

CHAPTER XII.

12. A. *Example:* Sara had on a faded blue skirt. What had Sara on? (1.) *Ermengarde* was beginning to admire her. (2.) Sara could speak *French*. (3.) One could not help *staring at her and feeling interested*. (4.) Sara liked Ermengarde

because she was not ill-natured. (5.) To be kind is worth a good deal. (6.) Sara told stories of the French Revolution. (7.) Miss St. John shivered until she fell asleep.

12. B. Fill the blanks with the words: *shall — should, will — would, may — might, can — could, ought to.* (a) Miss Minchin had made her piece out her green stockings with black ones, so that they — be long enough to be kept on. (b) It is not your fault that you — not learn things quickly. (c) For several days Sara — do nothing but sit in a small corner by the window and cry. (d) “She — be a favourite pupil,” said Miss Minchin. (e) “You — have to work and make yourself useful,” said Miss Minchin. (f) “If you work hard I — let you stay here.” (g) “By the time you are fifteen you — to be able to teach the smaller children.” (h) Miss Minchin had seen that at very little expense to herself she — prepare this clever child to be very useful to her. (i) Sometimes I am sure you — speak, if you — try. (j) Nobody chose to remember that her thin little legs — be tired, and her small body — be chilled. (k) I know I — die.

12. C. *Put the verb into the past:* (a) Ermen-
garde *will examine* her queer little face. (b) She *will look* odd. (c) Sara *will hesitate* one second, and then she *will answer*. (d) She *will pull* herself up quickly. (e) She *will pause* a minute. (f) She *will stop* again and *examine* her companion's face.

CHAPTER XIII.

13. A. *Questions.* (1.) What was one of Sara's chief entertainments? (2.) What would she do sometimes after she had supposed things? (3.) What kind of expression had Sara on her face when she supposed that she was a princess? (4.) How was Sara when the servants were rude to her? (5.) Why was she not impolite? (6.) What kind of a princess was she?

13. B. *Fill the blanks.* (a) — more books she read, — more imaginative she became. (b) — more one has, — more one wants. (c) Suppose I had a crimson velvet frock —, like a child — a picture. (d) You don't know that if I — a princess, I — order you to execution. (e) A princess must be —. (f) When the servants ordered her about, she would hold her head —, and reply — them sometimes — a way which — them stare — her.

13. C. *"To have" or "to be"?* Put in the right forms. (a) It would be easy to be a princess if I — dressed in cloth-of-gold. (b) Her imagination kept her from — made rude by the rudeness of those about her. (c) I only spare you because I — a princess. (d) She — on, that day, a faded blue skirt. (e) How would you like to — to read all those books? (f) What — you going to tell your father? (g) If she had always had something to read, she would not — — so lonely. (h) "I know I shall die. I — cold, I — wet, I — starving

to death. I — walked a thousand miles to-day," said the poor child. (i) At the door she — met by Miss Amelia. "You — not to go in there," she said. "You — to sleep in the attic." (j) The nervous twitch — to — seen again in her face, and she seemed to — trying to control it. (k) "You will — to work," said Miss Minchin. (l) Every time a letter came, she hoped it would say her papa — coming, and they — to live together again.

CHAPTER XIV.

14. A. *Translate.* (1.) Sara ärkas unistusest ja puhkes naerma. (2.) „Mille üle sa naerad?” hüüdis preili Minchin. (3.) Saral kulus mõni minut, et meelde tuletada, et ta oli printsess. (4.) Mitu minutit kulub sul kooli minekuks? (5.) „Palu minult otsekohe andeks,” ütles preili Minchin. (6.) Ma palun teilt andeks. (7.) „Kuidas sa julgeld mõtelda? Mille üle sa mõtlesid?” (8.) See juhtus koolitoas. (9.) Sara ei näinud sugugi ehmunud olevat. (10.) Pöörake tähelepanu oma ülesannetele.

14. B. *Other words:* (a) The look in Sara's eyes made Miss Minchin so angry that she flew at Sara and struck her on the ears. (b) Sara required a few seconds to remember she was a princess. (c) This happened in the schoolroom. (d) Fix your minds on your lessons, young ladies. (e) Excuse me, that I laughed.

14. C. *Fill the blanks.* (1.) I was thinking, if I — a princess and you boxed my ears, what I

— do to you. (2.) And I was thinking that if I — a princess, you — never dare to do it. (3.) And I was thinking how frightened you — be if you suddenly — that I really was a princess. (4.) I — not be at all surprised if she — out to be a princess.

CHAPTER XV.

15. A. *Questions.* (1.) What opportunity had Sara that very afternoon? (2.) What sort of weather was it? (3.) Were there any errands to be done that day? (4.) Describe Sara's clothes and shoes. (5.) Why had Miss Minchin deprived her of her dinner? (6.) How did Sara try to comfort herself? (7.) What did she suppose?

15. B. *Other words:* (a) That *same* afternoon Sara had a *good chance* of proving to herself whether she was really a princess or not. (b) It was a *terrible* afternoon. (c) It had rained *without stopping*. (d) Sara's clothes were *much worn*. (e) Added to this, she *had not got her dinner*. (f) *From time to time* some kind-hearted person *looked* at her with sympathy. (g) She *went quickly* on trying to comfort herself.

15. C. *Example:* long, longer, the longest. (1) dreadful, (2) sticky, (3) tiresome, (4) shabby, (5) damp, (6) wet, (7) hungry, (8) little, (9) dry, (10) good, (11) near, (12) hot.

CHAPTER XVI.

16. A. *Example:* Sara had to cross *the street*. What had Sara to cross? (1.) She almost had to *wade*. (2.) She saw something shining *in the gutter*. (3.) It was a *fourpenny piece*. (4.) Directly facing her was a *baker's*. (5.) It almost made Sara feel *faint*. (6.) She crossed the *pavement*. (7.) At the baker's door was a little figure *more forlorn than her own*. (8.) Sara *seized* her little fourpenny piece. (9.) She hesitated *a few seconds*. (10.) Princesses always shared *with the common people*.

16. B. *Example:* She *reached* the pavement. She *did not reach* the pavement. (1.) She saw *something* shining in the gutter. (2.) She *looked* straight before her. (3.) The shock *made* Sara feel faint. (4.) She *knew* that she need not hesitate to use the money. (5.) She *put* her wet foot on the step of the shop. (6.) Above the rags *appeared* a dirty face. (7.) Sara *seized* her fourpenny piece. (8.) She *hesitated a few seconds*.

16. C. *Translate.* (a) Ta *pidi üle tänava minema*. (b) Muda oli nii kole, et ta *pidi peaaegu läbi vee minema*. (c) Teed *otsides* ta pidi vaatama alla jalgade ette. (d) Ta *nägi* midagi, mis *pani* teda seisatama. (e) Seal oli väike kuju, *rohkem* mahajäetud kui ta ise. (f) Väike tütarlaps oli *näljasem* kui Sara. (g) Vaade temale tegi Sara veel *näljasemaks* ja *jõuetumaks*. (h) Ta kohtas kedagi, kes oli *vaesem* ja *näljasem* kui tema. (i) See on *parem* kui mitte midagi.

16. D. *Put in prepositions.* (a) An odd thing happened — Sara. (b) She looked down — her feet and the mud. (c) — one second the four-penny piece was — her hand. (d) A motherly woman was putting a tray — delicious hot buns — the window. (e) Sara felt faint — a few seconds. (f) She put her foot — the step — the shop. (g) Sara hesitated a few seconds, then she spoke — her. (h) Queer little thoughts were — work — her brain. (i) She was talking — herself though she was sick — heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

17. A. *Example:* "Wait a minute," she said to the beggar-child. She *told* the beggar-child to wait a minute. (a) "Have you lost fourpence?" asked Sara. (b) "Where *did* you find it?" asked the woman. (c) "I *found* it in the gutter," said Sara. (d) "Keep it, then," said the woman. (e) "I *know* that," said Sara. (f) "Aren't you hungry?" asked the woman. (g) "Yes," she answered. "I *am* very hungry." (h) "Eat it, and you *will* not be so hungry," said Sara to the beggar-child.

17. B. *Write sentences containing these words:* forlorn, gutter, puzzled, make-weight, good-natured, customer, in a hurry, to snatch, hoarse, to starve, to devour, politeness.

17. C. *Put the (1.) perfect and (2.) the future in place of the imperfect.* (a) Sara waited a minute.

(b) The woman *put* more hot buns in the window. (c) Sara *noticed* that the woman put in six buns. (d) The woman *gave* two buns for make-weight. (e) Three customers *came in*. (f) The child *looked* frightful in her wet and dirty rags. (g) Sara *opened* the paper bag and *took* out one of the hot buns. (h) The child *snatched* up the bun and *stuffed* it into her mouth.

17. D. *Translate*. (1.) Naine tahtis just panna saiu aknale. (2.) See raha võis olla rentslis juba nädala ja jumal teab, kes selle kaotas. (3.) Naine pani kaks saia *pealekauba*. (4.) Ta ütles: „Arvatavasti (ma julgen ütelda) te *kunagi* sööte nad.” (5.) Sel silmapilgul kolm ostjat astus sisse ja *neil* näis olevat rutt. (6.) Laps rääkis *kähiseva häälega*. (7.) Kerjuslapsele *ei olnud õpetatud* viisakust.

CHAPTER XVIII.

18. A. *Questions*. (1.) When did Sara look back? (2.) What did the beggar-child do when Sara looked back? (3.) Who glanced out of the shop window? (4.) What did the baker-woman exclaim? (5.) Why did she speak to the beggar-child? (6.) How did the baker-woman feel for many a day? (7.) Whom did she invite to come in? (8.) What seemed an incredible thing to the beggar-child? (9.) For whose sake did the baker-woman give bread to the hungry child?

18. B. *Translate*. (1.) Kui ta *ei oleks läinud* nii kiiresti, ta *oleks võinud* saada terve tosina. (2.) Ta

oleks võinud süüa tervelt kuus saia. (3.) Oletame, et ma *leiaksin* 6 penni just siis, kui ma olen pagari lähedal. (4.) Siis ma *läheksin* poodi ja *ostaksin* kuus kuuma saia ja *sööksin* nad ära otsekohe. (5.) Ma mõtlesin, mis ma *teeksin* siis, kui ma *oleksin* printsess ja teie *lööksite* mulle vastu kõrvu. (6.) Aga kui ma *oleksin* printsess, teie *ei julgeks* mitte seda teha.

18. C. *Fill the blanks.* (a) That young one has given her buns to the ——. I —— give something to know what she did it ——. (b) Then her curiosity got —— of her. (c) She left just one for ——. And she —— eaten the whole six. (d) She felt disturbed for —— a day. (e) If she —— not gone so quick, she should —— a dozen. (f) "Get —— warm," said the woman, pointing —— a fire.

CHAPTER XIX.

19. A. *Example: They lighted* the lamps. The lamps were *lighted*. (a) One could see gleams of light in most of the windows. (b) Sara *called* these people the Large Family. (c) Sara *had given* them all names. (d) The Maiden Lady *kept* two parrots. (e) *They said* that the next door gentleman *had lived* in the East Indies and was immensely rich. (f) The fact that he had no liver *troubled* him. (g) The native servant *had saved* the gentleman's life.

19. B. *Example: Sara ate her bun (slow).* Sara ate her bun *slowly*. (a) She reached the square (safe). (b) The Indian Gentleman did not live

- (happy). (c) The native servant looked at her (mournful). (d) Sara sympathized with him (deep). (e) The native servant served his master (faithful). (f) Sara could not speak Hindustani (fluent).

19. C. *Put in prepositions where necessary.*

- (1.) Sara found comfort — her bun. (2.) She reached — the square — which Miss Minchin's Select Seminary was situated. (3.) — most of the windows lights were to be seen. (4.) She caught glimpses — the rooms. (5.) She liked to imagine things — the people who bent over books — the tables. (6.) She was quite attached — the children. (7.) The lady did nothing — particular but talk — the parrots. (8.) There was something the matter — his liver. (9.) The monkey was sitting — the sun. (10.) She sympathized — him. (11.) The monkey was thinking — cocoa-nut-trees. (12.) He had a family dependent — him.

19. D. Fill the blanks with the words: *could, might, should*. (a) I — be overeating myself if I went on like this. (b) Who knows, he — have had a family dependent on him. (c) They look as if they — have had all sorts of adventures. (d) I wish I — speak to the servant. (e) Sara — have eaten six buns, she was so hungry. (f) At that moment three customers came in, so she — only thank the bakerwoman and go out. (g) Suppose, I — find sixpence which belonged to nobody.

CHAPTER XX.

20. A. *Example*: One day Sara spoke to the Lascar. Whom did Sara speak to? (1.) Sara had a special gift for languages. (2.) The Indian Gentleman looked at her curiously. (3.) Sara learned that the Indian Gentleman was very rich. (4.) England did not agree with the monkey. (5.) That evening Sara caught a glimpse of the room inside. (6.) The Indian Gentleman looked as lonely as ever. (7.) Sara could not walk because her shoes were so bad. (8.) She laid her purchases on the table. (9.) The cook had just been scolded by Miss Minchin. (10.) Sara often found the three flights of stairs long and steep.

20. B. *Translate*. (1.) Ta ootas, et peremees tuleb välja. (2.) Ta mäletas veel küllalt hindu keelt, et ennast arusaadavaks teha. (3.) Kas te oskate nii palju inglise keelt, et ennast arusaadavaks teha? (4.) Ta sai teada, et isand Indiast oli väga rikas. (5.) Inglismaa kliima ei ole hea (ei sobi) ahvile. (6.) See toit ei ole hea (ei sobi) mulle. (7.) „Ära too mingisuguseid vabandusi ja ära räägi ebatõtt,” ütles preili Minchin. (8.) Ta oli väga halvas tujus. (9.) „Tee(joomise) aeg on möödas ja sellega on lõpp,” ütles kokk vihaselt.

20. C. Fill the blanks with the pronouns: *who, which, what*. (a) Sara, — was going on an errand as usual, stopped and spoke a few words. (b) He had a native servant — looked even colder than

himself. (c) It was dark when she reached the square in — Miss Minchin's Select Seminary was situated. (d) She did not know — was going to happen. (e) She liked to imagine things about the people — sat before the fires in the houses. (f) The native servant, — she called the Lascar, looked mournful too. (g) She took out one of the hot buns, — had already warmed her cold hands a little. (h) The beggar-child was too hungry to give any thanks, even if she had been taught politeness, — she had not. (i) She saw something — made her stop. (j) She had not a relative — she knew of. (k) Sara's papa bought — was offered to him and paid — ever was asked.

CHAPTER XXI.

21. A. *Questions.* (1.) What did Sara think when she opened the garret-door? (2.) What did she exclaim? (3.) What new things did she find in her room? (4.) Was she bewitched? (5.) Why was she afraid to move? (6.) Were the things real or was it magic? (7.) What was it like? (8.) Why did she cry? (9.) What thought made her happy? (10.) With whom did she discuss the matter?

21. B. "*To have*" or "*to be*"? Fill the blanks with the right forms. (1.) She thought something strange — happened to her eyes. (2.) "Oh!" she exclaimed. "I know it — not true." (3.) In the grate, which — — empty, there was a glowing, blazing fire. (4.) "It — bewitched!" said Sara.

"Or I — bewitched." (5.) She opened one book, and on the title-page — written "The little girl in the attic." (6.) She — never — a friend since those happy days when she — — everything. (7.) After she — quite warm and — eaten her supper, it — almost ceased to — surprising to her that such magical surroundings should — hers. (8.) "May I — something to eat?" Sara asked, rather faintly. "I — no dinner." (9.) The gentleman — wrapped up in shawls and overcoats, as if he — cold.

21. C. *Opposite to*: easy, possible, last, well-known, awake, to unlock, full, to fold, unreal, false, native, enemy, near, best, alike, to go on, body.

21. D. *Translate*. (1.) Midagi imelikku oli juhtunud tema silmadega. (2.) Kui ma võin ainult jätkata (edasi hoida) mõtlemist. (3.) Te peate jätkama õppimist. (4.) See tuli tundub loomulikuna. (5.) Ma võin istuda toolil. (6.) Esileheküljele oli kirjutatud võõra käekirjaga. (7.) Mõte (sõbra olemisest), et tal oli sõber, tegi teda õnnelikuks. (8.) Mis puutub sellesse, kes see sõber oli, ta teadis, et seda on võimatu teada saada. (9.) Ta ei tundnud ühtegi hinge, kes oleks võinud seda teha.

CHAPTER XXII.

22. A. *Other words*: (1.) Sara had no idea who her mysterious patron was. (2.) Upon one thing she was firm (resolute). (3.) She shut her door closely. (4.) She tried very much to look as if

nothing unusual had *happened*. (5.) She could *not keep from* remembering *from time to time* that she had a friend. (6.) It must be *admitted* that she opened the door with rather an excited feeling. (7.) All the bare, ugly things had been *hidden*. (8.) Some *very bright* fans were pinned up. (9.) The old wooden box covered with a rug and some cushions had quite the *look* of a sofa.

22. B. Fill the blanks with the words: *would, should, could, might, must*. (a) I feel as if I — wish for anything, and my wish — be fulfilled. (b) I feel as if I — be a fairy. (c) She — not help remembering that she had a friend. (d) It — be confessed that she opened the door with an excited feeling. (e) Sara — not imagine who her benefactor was. (f) Upon one thing she was firm. She — not speak to anyone of her good fortune, it — be her own secret. (g) She was afraid to move, for fear it — melt away. (h) If my papa had lived, they — not have treated me like this. (i) If my papa had lived, he — have taken care of me.

22. C. Fill the blanks with the words: *if, when, as*. (a) — she fell asleep she dreamed all night of him. (b) — she went down the next morning she shut the door very tight. (c) She did her best to look as — nothing unusual had happened. (d) I feel as — I might wish for anything. (e) — I can only keep on thinking it, I don't care. (f) — she reached the top landing there were tears in her eyes. (g) That evening, — she passed the windows,

she caught a glimpse of the room inside. (h) — she went into the house she met Minchin in the hall. (i) I should be overeating myself — I went on like this. (j) It was dark — she reached the square. (k) Her hand trembled — she put down the fourth bun. (l) — she was crossing the street an odd thing happened. (m) She had to cross the street just — she was saying that to herself. (n) She was afraid that — Miss Minchin knew of her good fortune, she would take her treasures from her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

23. A. *Translate.* (1.) Iga päev *tehti* midagi uut katusekambrile. (2.) Lühikese ajaga ta *oli muutunud* ilusaks toaks. (3.) Võlur hoolitses, et laps *ei oleks* mitte näljane. (4.) Kui nüüd Saraga *riioldi*, näis talle, nagu *võiks* ta seda kõike *taluda*. (5.) Ta teadis, et katusekambris *tal hakkab* soe (tal saab olema soe). (6.) Paki aadress oli kirjutatud suurte tähtedega. (7.) Ta ei teadnud, *kust* need pakid tulid. (8.) Paberile oli kirjutatud: „*Igapäevaseks* kandmiseks.”

23. B. *Example:* Every day *they did* something new to the garret. Every day something new was done to the garret. (a) They *had placed* some ornaments on the mantel. (b) They *had concealed* all the bare, ugly things. (c) They *pinned* up some brilliant fans. (d) They *sent* Sara on errands and *scolded* her. (e) Miss Minchin *sent* Sara to open the door. (f) She *took* the things upstairs. (g) They

addressed the parcels to "The little girl in the attic."
(h) She *told* Sara to open the parcels. (i) They *had pinned* a paper on the pocket of the coat. (j) *One can wear* it every day. (k) They *will replace* the clothes by others when necessary.

23. C. *Example:* Her door, opened, Sara, at night. Sara opened her door at night. (1.) The magician, every day, sent, books, her. (2.) One day, left, a man, several parcels. (3.) The two largest parcels, on the table, she, laid. (4.) Miss Minchin, with excitement, at the parcels, looked. (5.) A long time, staring, she stood, at them. (6.) A paper, on the pocket, the magician, had pinned. (7.) He, by others, to replace, promised, them, when necessary.

CHAPTER XXIV.

24. A. *Questions.* (1.) Why was Miss Minchin excited? (2.) Had she treated Sara kindly? (3.) What did she tell Sara to put on? (4.) How was Sara dressed half an hour afterwards? (5.) What did one of the girls whisper? (6.) What plan did Sara carry out that night? (7.) Why did she write the letter? (8.) Where did she leave the letter and what happened to it?

24. B. Fill the blanks with the words: *should, would, could, may, ought to.* (1.) You — go and put on your new frock; and after you are dressed you — come and learn your lessons in the school-room. (2.) — it be that Miss Minchin had made a mistake! (3.) It — not be very pleasant to Miss

Minchin if Sara's friend — learn all the truth about the scant food and the hard work. (4.) The girls always thought that something — happen to Sara. (5.) Sara tried her best that her note — be very polite. (6.) She thought that she — to thank her unknown friend.

CHAPTER XXV.

25. A. *Translate.* (1.) Ta leidis midagi, mida ta *ei oleks* kunagi oodanud. (2.) „Ma *pean* ta tagasi viima,“ ütles Sara. (3.) Ma olen väga kurb, et *pean* seda tegema. (4.) Oh, ta *oleks* mulle seltsiliseks! (5.) Aga, sa *pead* koju minema. (6.) Sa *ei tohi* olla tänamatu. (7.) Sa *peaksid* kõige rohkem armastama oma perekonda. (8.) Ma *peaksin* tänama teda. (9.) Et Sara *pidi* kogu aeg saama uusi riideid, siis ta *võis* need ära kanda. (10.) Ta *võis* nüüd tulla klassiruumi õppima oma ülesandeid. (11.) *Tohin* ma tulla klassi? (12.) Preili Minchinile *ei oleks* väga meeldiv, kui Saral *oleks* niisugune sõber.

25. B. *Put in prepositions.* (1.) When Sara came —, she saw something small and dark — her chair. (2.) She wondered where he could have come —. (3.) Your mother could not be proud — you. (4.) The monkey had a forlorn look — his face. (5.) He had something — his mind. (6.) You look so sad, what is — your mind? (7.) He seemed much interested — her remarks. (8.) He seemed pleased — Sara. (9.) Someone was very kind —

Sara. (10.) You may go and put — your new frock.
(11.) She was neatly dressed — a pretty frock.
(12.) They always thought something would happen
— Sara.

25. C. *Complete the sentences, using the -ing forms of the verbs in brackets.* (a) — out upon the roof he had seen light in Sara's attic (to get). (b) — attracted by the light, he had crept in (to be). (c) I cannot help — you (to like). (d) Then the monkey sat on her shoulder — a lock of her hair (to hold). (e) I want to thank you for — so kind to me (to be) and — everything like a fairy-story (to make). (f) Sara struck the entire school-room of pupils dumb with amazement, by — her appearance in a pretty new costume (to make). (g) She could not help — that she had a friend (to remember). (h) There were several parcels — clothing of different kinds (to contain).

CHAPTER XXVI.

26. A. *Example:* "I found your monkey in my room," she said to him. She said that *she had found his* monkey in her room. (1.) She said: "I *think* he got in through the window." (2.) "You live next door?" he said. (3.) "Yes," answered Sara. "I live at Miss Minchin's." (4.) "And you are one of her pupils?" (5.) "I *don't know* exactly what I am," she replied. (6.) "At first," she said, "I was a pupil." (7.) "My papa died," said Sara. "He lost

all his money." (8.) "So *you were* sent into the garret and neglected," put in the Indian Gentleman. (9.) "That's an old story," he said. "It happens every day; but sometimes those who *do* the wrong — don't intend it, and are not so bad."

26. B. *Example*: She followed him (quick): she followed him quickly. (a) He looked (frightful) ill. (b) She looked at him (anxious). (c) He had been (sudden) frightened. (d) Then he spoke (nervous) and (excited). (e) He examined Sara quite (serious) and (anxious) too. (f) He (actual) put out his hands. (g) (Evident) he did not want to leave the room.

26. C. *Example*: The Lascar, for her, the door, had opened: The Lascar had opened the door for her. (a) I, in my room, your monkey, found. (b) Sara, into the library, followed, the Lascar. (c) the monkey, gave, at once, a tiny squeak. (d) on the yellow face, fixed, her eyes, she. (e) too much, he, his friend trusted. (f) her papa, killed, the suffering, evidently. (g) he, lost, soon, all his money. (h) suddenly, he, gave, a rather curious look, Sara.

26. D. Put in the right forms of "*to have*" or "*to be*". (1.) He asked: "And you — one her pupils?" (2.) "I don't know exactly what I —," replied Sara. (3.) "At first," she said, "I — a pupil, but now..." (4.) "By 'at first' I mean when I — first taken there by my papa." (5.) "You

— sent into the garret and neglected.” (6.) “My father once — a friend he — fond of and it — his friend who took the money.” (7.) When she entered the room a hollow voice — heard through the open door. (8.) She — never heard such a voice. (9.) She — so sorry to — to take the monkey back. (10.) She found something in the room which she would never — expected. (11.) “As you — to have new frocks when they are worn out, you may put them on.” (12.) Sometimes those who do the wrong may not — so bad.

CHAPTER XXVII.

27. A. *Example*: His voice sounded very strange. How did his voice sound? (1.) The Indian Gentleman’s hollow, restless eyes fixed themselves on her. (2.) My father’s name was *Ralph Crewe*. (3.) He died *in India*. (4.) The gentleman seemed out of breath. (5.) Sara thought *he was going to die*. (6.) The Indian Gentleman spoke in an exhausted voice. (7.) Mr. Carmichael arrived *in a very few minutes*. (8.) Sara was allowed to take the monkey with her. (9.) The monkey behaved beautifully. (10.) *Her thoughts* kept her awake.

27. B. “*Than*” or “*then*”? (a) His voice had a more nervous and excited tone — before. (b) It turned out that he was no other — the father of the Large Family. (c) — Sara was allowed to take the monkey with her. (d) — he spoke

nervously and excitedly. (e) My papa died, and — everything was different. (f) The monkey touched her hands and — sat on her shoulder. (g) The same hands had done even more — before. (h) She could not help remembering now and — that she had a friend. (i) That thought warmed her more — the fire. (j) The monkey looked colder — the native servant.

27. C. *Write sentences containing the following words:* nervous, anxious, to fix oneself on, pillow, out of breath, harm, to turn out, to droop, to pant, exhausted, to disturb, to keep doing something.

27. D. "*Least*" or "*last*"? (a) "Yes," he said at —. "Yes, I can see it." (b) The monkey did not disturb her in the —. (c) At — it turned out that he was no other than the father of the Large Family. (d) Sara never seemed in the — frightened. (e) Her hand trembled when she put down the — bun. (f) "It is exactly like something fairy come true," she said, "there isn't the — difference."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

28. A. *Other words:* (a) First Mr. Carmichael had a *meeting* with Miss Minchin. (b) He was *trusted to take care of* Mr. Carrisford's affairs. (c) The lawyer had come to explain something *unusual* to Miss Minchin *about* Sara. (d) The investments *turned out* to be such a *good fortune* that it had been a mine of wealth. (e) He was not brave

enough to face *the results*. (f) He could *find* no trace of her. (g) The thought, that the girl was poor and friendless somewhere, had made him more *unhappy* than ever. (h) He had *stopped* the search. (i) By *degrees (little by little)* he had begun to take interest in the *neglected* child. (j) The child had spoken to him in his own *language*. (k) The Lascar *had grown interested in* the child.

28. B. *Translate*. (1.) Suur hulk varandust oli juurde lisatud tema omale. (2.) Ta tervis oli *mur-*
tud teadmisest, et ta oli põhjustanud oma sõbra surma. (3.) Sõbra surm oli *põhjustatud* tema poolt. (4.) See teadmine oli *lasunud* tema hingel. (5.) Ta ei teadnud, kuhu ta sõbra tütar oli *paigutatud*. (6.) Ta oli hakanud *huvi tundma* lapse vastu. (7.) Tal oli *arenenud huvi* (ta oli arendanud huvi) lapse vastu. (8.) Ta oli *rahuldatud* oma tööst.

28. C. Fill the blanks with the pronouns: *who, which, what, that*. (a) He was not brave enough to face the consequences of — he had done. (b) One day he had crept out of his garret window, — was a very easy matter. (c) He had told his master — he had seen. (d) The Lascar was very fond of the child — had spoken to him in his own tongue. (e) It was Mr. Carrisford — had been her father's friend. (f) He had made the investments — had caused him the loss of money. (g) He had charge of the affairs of Mr. Carrisford, — was the real name of the Indian Gentleman. (h) It was not the monkey — kept her awake. (i) Sometimes those — are

blamed are not so bad. (j) He had crept out of his master's garret window, — was only a few feet away. (k) Just think — you have done for me! (l) That night she carried out a plan — she had been thinking out for some time.

CHAPTER XXIX.

29. A. *Translate.* (1.) Nüüd sa, kallike, *tuled* (pead tulema) koju minuga, ja *sinu eest hoolitsetakse*, nagu sa *oleksid* minu laps. (2.) Saral *oli viisiks* vaadelda proua Carmichael'i lapsi mängimas ja jooksmas ja imestada, kuidas see küll peaks tunduma. (3.) Samal õhtul Sara *tegi tutvust terve* perekonnaga. (4.) Ta *oli sündinud* Indias. (5.) Teda *oli koheldud* halvasti. (6.) Nüüd ta *pidi saama* rikkaks ja õnnelikuks. (7.) Mida küll see vaene tütarlaps *pidi kannatama* tolle koleda naise majas. (8.) Ühegi tõelise printsessi eest *ei oleks võidud* paremini hoolitseda kui tema eest.

29. B. *Verbs to:* trouble, care, pleasure, excitement, wonderful, cause, joy, description, remembrance, dead, life.

29. C. Fill the blanks with the words: as . . . as, so . . . as, *than*. (a) I am sure he will be — kind to you — your own papa would have been. (b) No real princess could have been better taken care of — she was. (c) She could not be made to think that India was not better for her — London. (d) Miss Minchin's cold and fishy eyes had never

looked — cold and fishy — they did when Sara went into the parlour. (e) She looked at her — severely — possible. (f) Sara's eyes were — bright — stars. (g) There was almost more imagination — there was Sara. (h) Sara could speak French better — Miss Minchin. (i) His voice had a more excited tone — before. (j) Suppose there were books which changed by magic — soon — you had read them.

CHAPTER XXX.

30. A. *Example*: They used to spend hours — together (read): They used to spend hours reading together. (a) There was no pleasanter sight to the Indian Gentleman than Sara — in her big chair (sit), and her soft, dark hair — over her warm cheeks (tumble). (b) She had a pretty habit of — up at him suddenly (look). (c) — to read the inscription upon the collar, Sara was delighted to read the words... (stoop). (d) She had even tried to make it good by — that Sara's education should be continued under her care (suggest). (e) She had gone to the length of — an appeal to the child herself (make).

30. B. "Some" or "any"? (a) He was a magician and could do — thing he liked. (b) Scarcely a day passed in which he did not do — thing new for her. (c) — times she found new flowers in her room. (d) There did not seem

to be — thing left 'to suppose.' (e) She saw — thing which made her stop. (f) She was too hungry to give — thanks. (g) Sara found — comfort in her remaining bun. (h) The cook was in too bad a temper to give her — thing to eat. (i) "—body cares about me a little, —body is my friend," she said. (j) When the parents of — of the pupils came, she was always called into the parlour. (k) Nobody took — notice of her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

31. A. *Example:* Sara had begun to realize *that her happiness was not a dream*. What had Sara begun to realize? (1.) One night she sat a long time *with her cheeks on her hand*. (2.) Sara looked up *with a bright colour in her cheeks*. (3.) It was the day *I found the things in my garret*. (4.) She told him *the story of the bun-shop*. (5.) The Indian Gentleman found it necessary *to shade his eyes with his hand*. (6.) She wanted to see the *bun-woman*. (7.) On dreadful days hungry children used to sit *on the steps*. (8.) She would give them *buns*. (9.) She would send the bills to Sara. (10.) Sara sat *on the footstool near the Indian Gentleman's knee*. (11.) She only remembered *she was a princess*.

31. B. "*Much*" or "*many*", "*little*" or "*few*"? (a) There were a great — hungry days. (b) You say I have — money. (c) He bought her a great — beautiful clothes. (d) The bun-woman felt more

disturbed than she had felt — a day. (e) He was
 — troubled by the fact that he had no liver. (f) Her
 eyes did not seem — too big for her face. (g) Sara
 was too — for them. (h) Mr. Carmichael expressed
 his opinion with — clearness. (i) They used to
 spend — a day reading and talking together.
 (j) Sara did not sleep — that night. (k) It was
 not — moments, however, before he came back.
 (l) A — colour came into her cheeks. (m) A
 — nights later a very odd thing happened.
 (n) Occasionally they exchanged a — words.
 (o) She really cried more at this strange thought of
 having a friend than she had cried over — of her
 troubles.

31. C. *Verbs to:* realization, dream, remem-
 brance, tale, shade, supposition, guardian, wonder,
 gift, pretense.

CHAPTER XXXII.

32. A. *Questions.* (1.) Where did a carriage
 draw up? (2.) Who got out of the carriage? (3.) Did
 the bun-woman know Sara again? (4.) Why had
 Sara come to the bun-woman? (5.) What proposal
 did she make? (6.) Where was the beggar-child
 now? (7.) Was she a decent girl? (8.) What did
 she look like? (9.) What did the two children do?
 (10.) What thought had Sara then? (11.) What did
 the girl do when Sara went out of the shop?

32. B. *Example*: "I am sure I remember you," she said. She said that she was sure she remembered her. (a) "Once you gave me six buns," said Sara. (b) "And you gave them to a beggar-child," said the woman." (c) "You look rosier," said the woman. (d) "What can I do?" asked the woman. (e) "She looked so hungry," she said. (f) "She was starving," said the woman. (g) "Do you know where she is?" asked Sara. (h) "I know," said the woman. (i) "I am glad you have had such a good time," said Sara. (j) "You know what it is to be hungry," she said.

VOCABULARY.

Chapter I.

in the first place — esiteks, kõigepealt
 square ['skwɛə] — plats; neli-nurkne
 alike [ə'laɪk] — sarnane
 sparrow ['spærəʊ] — varblane
 door-knocker ['dɔːnɒkə] — koputaja ukse
 brass [brɑːs] — vask
 select [sɪ'lekt] — valitud
 seminary ['seminəri] — seminar
 Sara Crewe ['sɛərə 'kruː] —
 reflect [rɪ'flekt], -ed, -ed — järelle mõtlema
 arise [ə'raɪz], arose, arisen [ə'rɪzn] — tõusma, tekkima
 papa [pə'paɪ] — isa, papa
 India ['ɪndjə]
 mamma [mə'maɪ] — ema, mamma
 climate ['klaɪmɪt] — kliima
 delicate ['delɪkɪt] — õrn, õrna tervise
 obliged [ə'blaɪdʒd] — sunnitud, kohustatud
 boarding-school ['bɔːdɪŋskuːl] — kostikool, internaat

establishment [ɪs'tæblɪʃmənt] — asutis
 inexperienced [ɪnəks'piərənst] — kogematu
 part, -ed, -ed — lahkuma; lahutama
 remind [rɪ'maɪnd] of — meenutama, meelde tuletama
 to love dearly — väga armastama
 fortunate ['fɔːtʃnɪt] — õnnelik
 polite [pə'ləɪt] — viisakas
 saleswoman ['seɪlzwʊmən] — müüjanna
 Diana Sinclair [daɪ'ænə 'sɪŋklɛə]
 immediately [ɪ'mɪdʒətli] — otsekohe, viivitamata
 extraordinary [ɪks'trɔːdnəri] — ebaharilik
 velvet ['velvɪt] — samet
 cab [kæb] — voorimehe sõiduk
 doll [dɒl] — nukk

Chapter II.

queer ['kwɪə] — veider
 old-fashioned ['ouldfæʃənd] — vanamoeline
 stout [staut] — paks, lihav

evidently [ˈevidəntli] — nähtavasti
fishy [ˈfiʃi] — kalasarnane; külm

damp [æ] — niiske
chill [i] — külmajudin
promising [ˈprɒmisiŋ] — paljutõotav

captain [ˈkæptin] — kapten
favourite [ˈfeivərit] — lemmik
two by two — kahekaupa
procession [prəˈseʃn] — rongkäik

parlour [ˈpaʊlə] — võõrastetuba
officer [ˈɒfisə] — ohvitser
heiress [ˈeəris] — pärijanna
fortune [ˈfɔrtʃən] — varandus
inherit, -ed, -ed [inˈherit] — pärima

Chapter III.

affair [əˈfeə] — asi, äriasi
deceive [diˈsi:v] — -d, -d — petma
rob [ɒ], robbed, robbed — röövima

shock — vapustus
mourning [ˈmɔ:niŋ] — leinamine
tight [taɪt] — kitsas, pigistav
wrap [ræp], wrapped [ræpt], wrapped — mähkima
crape [kreɪp] — krepp
lashes [ˈlæʃiz] — ripsmed
stare [ˈstɛə], -d, -d — vahtima

(silmad pärani)
glass — klaas, peegel
frock — kleit, seelik

odd — veider
advance [ədˈva:ns], -d, -d — edasi liikuma, edutama

Chapter IV.

obedient [oˈbi:djənt] — sõnakuulelik
insist [inˈsɪst], -ed, -ed on — kinni pidama (nõudmisest)
severely [siˈviəli] — tõsiselt
twitch [ɪ], -ed, -ed — tõmbuma
nervously [ˈnɜ:vəslɪ] — närviselt
stupid [ˈstju:pid] — rumal
choose [tʃu:z], chose [tʃou:z], chosen — valima, heaks arvama
French [frentʃ] — prantsuse keel

expense [iksˈpens] — kulu
save [seɪv], -d, -d — säästma, kokku hoidma
necessity [niˈsesiti] — tarvidus
salary [ˈsæləri] — palk
rude [ru:d] — häbematu
punish [ˈpʌniʃ], -ed, -ed — karistama
control [kənˈtrɒl], -led, -led — kontrollima; tagasi hoidma
stony [ˈstəʊni] — kivine, kivistunud

Chapter V.

staircase [ˈsteəkeɪs] — trepp
tightly [ˈtaɪtli] — kõvasti, lähedalt

attic ['ætɪk] — katusekamber
slanting-roofed ['slaɪntɪŋruːft] —
 nõlvalise katusega
white-washed [waɪtwɔʃt] — lub-
 jatud
rusty ['rʌsti] — roostetunud
fireplace ['faɪəpleɪs] — kamin
bedstead ['bedsted] — voodi
furniture ['fərnɪtʃə] — mööbel

Chapter VI.

entirely [ɪn'taɪəli] — täiesti,
 hoopis
odd — ülejäänud; võõras, veider
errand ['erənd] — käik (kellegi
 ülesandel)
intimate ['ɪntɪmeɪt] — intiimne
shabby [ʃæbi] — närune
 as a rule — tavaliselt
accustom [ə'kʌstəm], -ed, -ed —
 harjuma
habit ['hæbit] — harjumus
 to find out — üles leidma, pal-
 jastama
mischief ['mɪstʃɪf] — vallatus
promptly — kiiresti, otsekohe
wax [wæks] — vaha

Chapter VII.

own [aʊn], -ed, -ed — omanda-
 ma, omaks võtma; tunnus-
 tama
companion [kəm'pænjən] —
 seltsiline
pretend [pri'tend], -ed, -ed —
 teeskleva

sympathize ['sɪmpəəaɪz] — süm-
 patiseerima, sümpaatiat tund-
 ma
garret ['gærɪt] — katusekamber
hateful — põlastav
squeak [skwiːk], -ed, -ed — piuk-
 suma
scratch [skrætʃ], -ed, -ed —
 kraapima
imagination [ɪmædʒɪ'neɪʃn] —
 mõttekujutus, ettekujutus
remarkable [rɪ'mɑːkəbl] — tä-
 helepanuvääriv
insult [ɪn'sʌlt], -ed, -ed — sol-
 vama
rage [reɪdʒ] — viha
enemy ['enɪmi] — vaenlane
argument ['ɑːɡjʊmənt] — argu-
 ment, väide
chill, -ed, -ed — külmuma
harsh [hɑːʃ] — karm
vulgar — ['vʌlgə] — vulgaarne,
 labane
mood [muːd] — tuju, meeleolu
sneer ['sniə], -ed, -ed — irvitama
 to make fun of — naerma kel-
 legi, millegi üle
sore [sɔː] — haige
desolate ['desoleɪt] — vilets,
 mahajäetud

Chapter VIII.

vacant ['veɪkənt] — tühi
presently ['prezntli] — otsekohe
tremble, -d, -d — värisema
starve [stɑːv], -d, -d — nälgima

scold [skould], -ed, -ed — tõre-
 lema, riidlema
 mud [ʌ] — pori
 seize [si:z], -d, -d — haarama
 savage [ˈsævidʒ] — metsik
 burst [bə:st], burst, burst — puh-
 kema
 passion [ˈpæʃn] — hoog
 sob, -bed, -bed — nuuksuma
 stuff [ʌ], -ed, -ed — toppima
 sawdust [ˈsɔ:dəst] — saepuru
 scramble [ˈskræmbəl], -d, -d —
 ronima, möllama
 ankle [ˈæŋkl] — pahkluu-liiges
 actually [ˈæktʃuəli] — tegelikult
 sympathy [ˈsɪmpəθi] — sümpaa-
 tia
 remorse [riˈmɔ:s] — kahetsus
 overtake, overtook, overtaken —
 tabama, (kellegi) peale tulema
 sigh [sai] — ohe

Chapter IX.

brilliant [ˈbrɪljənt] — särav, an-
 dekas
 craving [ˈkreɪvɪŋ] — igatsus, tun-
 giv soov
 readable [ˈri:dəbl] — loetav
 lonely [ˈləʊnli] — üksildane,
 mahajäetud
 poetry [ˈpɔɪtri] — luule
 sentimental [sentiˈmentəl] —
 sentimentaalne, haledameelne
 housemaid — teenijatüdruk
 paper — paber; ajaleht

subscribe [səbˈskraɪb] — liik-
 meks olema, tellima (ajalehte)
 greasy [ˈɡri:zi] — rasvane
 volume [ˈvɒljum] — köide
 marquise [ˈmɑ:kwi:s] — markiis
 duke [dju:k] — hertsog
 fall in love — armuma
 orange [ˈɒrɪndʒ] — apelsin
 gipsy [ˈdʒɪpsi] — mustlane
 bride [braɪd] — pruut
 privilege [ˈprɪvɪlɪdʒ] — eesõigus
 romantic [rɒˈmæntɪk] — roman-
 tiline
 Ermengarde [ˈɜ:mɪŋɑ:d] —
 intellectual [ɪntɪˈlektʃuəl] — in-
 tellektuaalne
 constantly [ˈkɒnstəntli] — alati-
 selt, vahetpidamata
 continual [kənˈtɪnjuəl] — ala-
 tine
 source [sɔ:s] — allikas, põhjus
 grief [ɡri:f] — mure
 package [ˈpækɪdʒ] — pakk
 what is the matter with you? —
 mis teil viga on?
 wipe [waɪp], -d, -d — pühkima
 prodigy [ˈprɒdɪdʒi] — ime, ime-
 laps
 oh gracious! [ˈɡreɪʃəs] — oh
 heldekenel!
 exclaim [ɪksˈkleɪm], -ed, -ed —
 hüüdma

Chapter X.

goodness [ˈɡʊdnɪs] — headus;
 heldeke!

march [mɑ:tʃ], -ed, -ed — mars-
sima

I daresay — ma julgen ütelda,
arvatavasti, võib olla

Chapter XI.

give in — järele andma

devour [di'vauə], -ed, -ed — õgi-
ma, neelama

historical [his'tɔ:rikl] — ajaloo-
line

dramatic [drə'mætik] — dra-
maatiline

gesticulation [dʒestikju'leiʃn] —
liigutus

flush [flʌʃ], -ed, -ed — punas-
tuma

amazement [ə'meizmənt] —
imetus

queen [kwien] — kuninganna
the French Revolution

[revə'lu:ʃn] — Prantsuse Re-
volutsioon

reflectively [ri'flektivli] — mõt-
tes

recollect [rekə'lekt], -ed, -ed
oneself — ennast valitsema

impolite [impo'lait] — ebaviisa-
kas

Chapter XII.

examine [ig'zæmin], -d, -d —
vaatlema

fade [ei], -d, -d — pleekima

skirt [ə:] — seelik

olive-green ['ɒlivgrin] — oliiv-
roheline

stocking — sukk

piece [pi:s] **out** — lappima

forlorn [fə'lɔ:n] — üksik; vilets

neglect [ni'glekt], -ed, -ed —
hooletusse jätma

German ['dʒə:mən] — saksa
keel

hesitate ['heziteit], -d, -d —
kõhklema, viivitama

ill-natured ['il'neitʃəd] — halva-
loomuline

fault [fə:lt] — süü, viga

pull oneself up — ennast kokku
võtma, ennast valitsema

pause [pə:z], -d, -d — peatuma

plump [ʌ] — tõnts

wicked ['wikid] — paha, kuri

Robespierre ['roubzpeə]

admit [əd'mit], -ted, -ted —
tunnustama; järele andma

courage ['kʌridʒ] — julgus

vivid — elav

horror ['hɒrə] — koledus

blanket ['blæŋkit] — vaip

shiver ['ʃivə], -ed, -ed — väri-
sema

Chapter XIII.

imaginative [i'mædʒinətiv] —
suure mõttekujutusega, unis-
tuslik

the ... the ... — mida ... seda

entertainment [intə'teinmənt] —
 lõbustus, ajaviide
footstool ['fʊtstʊ:l] — jalapink
glow [glou], -ed, -ed — hõõguma
flicker ['flikə], -ed, -ed — vil-
 kuma
flame [ei] — leek
rug [ʌ] — vaip
cushion ['kuʃin] — padi
crimson ['krimzn] — punane
lace [leis] — pits
furnish ['fəniʃ], -ed, -ed — möb-
 leerima
bookshelf — raamaturiiul
magic ['mædʒik] — nõidus
dish — vaagen
soup [su:p] — supp
roast [ou], -ed, -ed — praadima
raspberry ['raɪzbəri] — vaarikas
jam [dʒæm] — keedis
princess [prin'ses] — printsess
expression [iks'preʃn] — ilme
cruel ['kruəl] — halastamatu,
 toores
execution [eksi'kju:ʃən] — huk-
 kamine
spare [spɛə], -d, -d — säästma
amuse [ə'mju:z], -d, -d — lõbus-
 tama, head meelt valmistama
tone [ou] — toon
erect [i'rekt] — sirge, püsti
rag [æ] — räbal

Chapter XIV.

enrage [in'reidʒ], -d, -d — vi-
 hastama

box, -ed, -ed; **boxed** her ears —
 lõi talle vastu kõrvu
waken ['weɪkn], -ed, -ed — är-
 kama
start [ɑ:], -ed, -ed — võpatama
smart [ɑ:], -ed, -ed — valutama
blow [blou] — löök
pardon ['pɑ:dn] — vabandus
occur [ə'kɔ:], -red, -red — juh-
 tuma, ette tulema
scarlet ['skɑ:lit] — sarlakpunane
grasp [ɑ:], -ed, -ed — hingel-
 dama
effect [i'fekt] — mõju
breathlessly ['breəlisli] — hin-
 getult
attend to [ə'tend], -ed, -ed —
 tähelepanu pöörama
rage [reɪdʒ] — viha
whisper ['wɪspə], -ed, -ed — so-
 sistama

Chapter XV.

opportunity [ɒpə'tju:niti] — vöi-
 malus, juhus
prove [ui], -d, -d — tõendama
dreadful ['dredful] — hirmus,
 kole
continuously [kən'tɪnjuəsli] —
 vahetpidamata
sticky — kleepuv
fog — udu
drizzle [drɪzl] — uduvihm, peen
 vihm
tiresome ['taɪəsəm] — väsitav

downtrodden [ˈdauntɹədɪn] —
 mahatallatud
deprive [diˈpraɪv], -d, -d of —
 ilma jätma
pinch [pɪntʃ], -ed, -ed — näpis-
 tama
now and then — vahetevahel
glance [ɡlɑːns], -d, -d — vaa-
 tama
umbrella [ʌmˈbrelə] — vihma-
 vari
bun [ʌ] — väike sai

Chapter XVI.

wade [weɪd], -d, -d — kõndima
 läbi vee
pavement [ˈpeɪvmənt] — kõnni-
 tee, sillutis
gutter [ˈɡatə] — rentsel, uulitsa-
 renn
cheerful [ˈtʃiəfʊl] — rõõmus
rosy [ˈrouzi] — roosa
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delicious [diˈliʃəs] — meeldiv,
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 tav, meeldiv
odour [ˈoʊdə] — lõhn
float [flaʊt], -ed, -ed — heljuma
cellar [ˈselə] — kelder
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brain [breɪn] — peaju
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share [ʃeə], -d, -d — jagama

Chapter XVII.

beggar [ˈbegə] — kerjus
bless, -ed, -ed — õnnistama
puzzle [ˈpʌzl], -d, -d — hämmas-
 tuma, imestuma
make-weight [ˈweɪt] — peale-
 kauba
mist [mɪst] — udu
customer [ˈkʌstəmə] — ostja
frightful [ˈfraɪtʃfʊl] — hirmus
snatch [snætʃ], -ed, -ed — haarama,
 napsama
wolfish [ˈwʊlfɪʃ] — hundisar-
 nane
devour [diˈvaʊə], -ed, -ed —
 õgima

Chapter XVIII.

curiosity [kjʊəriˈɒsɪti] — uudis-
 himu
got the better of her — sai või-
 du tema üle, sai temast jagu
nod, -ded, -ded — noogutama
vanish [ˈvæniʃ], -ed, -ed — ka-
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inquire [ɪnˈkwaɪə], -d, -d — kü-
 sima, pärima
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 gama
incredible [ɪnˈkredəbl] — usku-
 matu

tiny ['taini] — tilluke, väike
hard up — kitsikuses
for the sake [ei] of — (kellegi)
pärast

Chapter XIX.

situated ['sitjueitid] — asetatud
gleam [gli:m] — kuma
to catch a glimpse of — pilku
heitma

shutter ['ʃʌtə] — luuk
bend, bent, bent — kummar-
duma

for instance ['instəns] — näiteks
attach [ə'tætʃ], -ed, -ed — si-
duma

parrot ['pærət] — papagoi

Charles [tʃɑ:lz]

spaniel ['spænjəl] — koera tõug
in particular [pə'tikjulə] — eriti
elderly ['eldəli] — vanapoolne
East Indies ['i:st 'indiz] — Ida-

India

immensely [i'mensli] — üliväga

liver ['livə] — maks

rumour ['ru:mə], -ed, -ed —
kuulduma

at anyrate ['enireit] — igatahes

shawl [ʃɔ:l] — sall

native ['neitiv] — pärismaalane

monkey ['mʌŋki] — ahv

mournful ['mɔ:nful] — kurb

cocoa-nut ['kɒkənʌt] — koo-
kospähkel

swing, swung, swung — õõtsu-
ma, kiikuma

tail [teil] — saba

tropical ['trɒpikəl] — troopiline
dependent [di'pendənt] — sõl-
tuv, olenev

faithful ['feɪəful] — truu, ustav
adventure [əd'ventʃə] — seiklus
Hindustani [hindu'stæni] — hin-
du keel

Chapter XX.

curiously ['kjuəriəsli] — uudis-
himuliselt

greet [i:], -ed, -ed — tervitama
occasionally [ə'keɪznəli] — ju-
huslikult

Sahib ['sɑ:hib] — isand (hindu-
keelne sõna)

luxurious [lʌg'zjuəriəs] — luk-
suslik, tore

falsehood ['fɔ:lsʃud] — vale
downstairs ['daun'steəz] — tre-
pist alla

purchase ['pɜ:tʃəs] — ost

grumble [ʌ], -d, -d — urisema

temper ['tempə] — tuju

done with — lõpetatud

pantry ['pæntri] — sahver

humour ['hju:mə] — meeleolu

vent, -ed, -ed — väljendama, va-
lama (viha)

flight [flait] of steps — kogu
astmeid, trepp

steep [i:] — järsk

lump [ʌ] — tükk

treat [i:], -ed, -ed — kohtlema

handle [æ] — käepide

Chapter XXI.

grate [greit] — kolle
 polish ['pɒlɪʃ], -ed, -ed — pu-
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 blaze [ei], -d, -d — leegitsema
 kettle — katel
 boil, -ed, -ed — keema
 fold [ou], -ed, -ed — kokku pa-
 nema
 saucer ['səʊsə] — alustass
 teapot — teekann
 miserable ['mɪzərəbl] — vilets
 bewitch [bi'wɪtʃ], -ed, -ed —
 nõiduma
 melt, -ed, -ed — sulama
 kneel [ni:l], knelt, knelt — põl-
 vitama
 toast [ou] — röstitud sai
 muffin ['mʌfɪn] — kukkel
 foreign ['fɔrɪn] — välismaa
 wipe [waɪp], -d, -d — pühkima
 enjoy [ɪn'dʒɔɪ], -ed, -ed — nau-
 tima
 cease [si:s], -d, -d — lakkama
 magical ['mædʒɪkl] — nõiduslik
 surrounding [sə'raʊndɪŋ] —
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Chapter XXII.

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 tunnistama
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 mant

Chapter XXIII.

remains [ri'meɪnz] — jäänused
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torkav
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address [ə'dres], -ed, -ed —
adresseerima
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Chapter XXIV.

background ['bækgraund] — ta-
gaplaan
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puudulik
uncertain [ʌn'səɪn] — ebakindel
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vasti
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hendus
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tult, tungivald
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gema
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gavaks muutuma

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vatsema

Chapter XXVII.

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Chapter XXVIII.

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otstarbeks
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Chapter XXIX.

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dear me — heldekene!
moist — niiske
acquaintance [ə'kweintəns] —
tutvus
joyous ['dʒɔiəs] — rõõmus
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in time — varsti
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buma, paranema

Chapter XXX.

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kukkuma
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Chapter XXXI.

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guardian ['gɑ:djən] — kaitsja, hooldaja
particularly [pə'tɪkjuləli] — eriti

Chapter XXXII.

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